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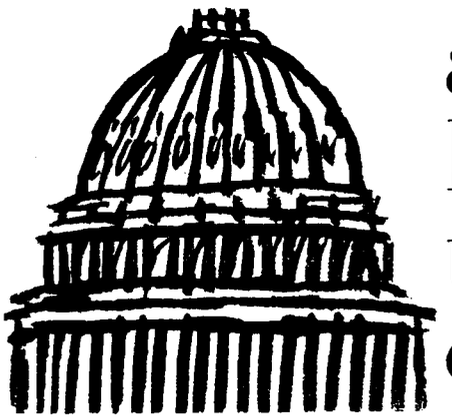
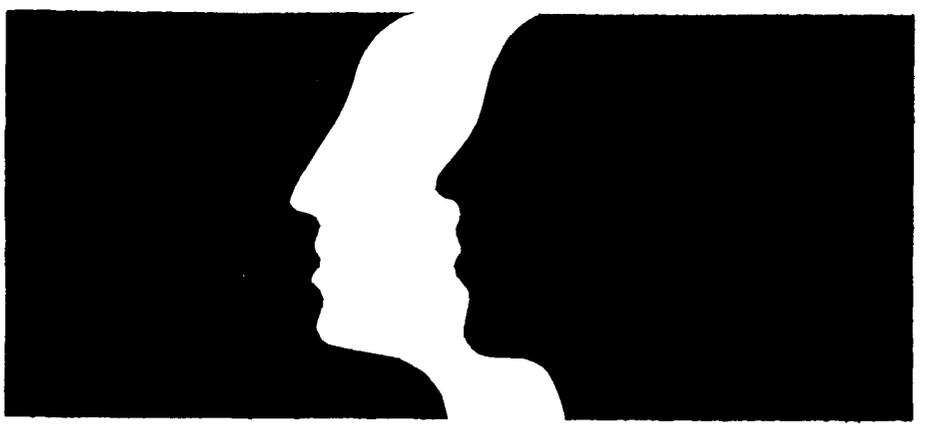
REPLAYING '68



a second look at the election

PURGE IN THE NAACP



INNER-CITY CHURCH: NON-PROPHET OUTFIT

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NEWS AND VIEWS

It wasn't the intention, of course, but *America*'s account of attitudes toward the war among Catholic clergy in Vietnam constituted an indictment as strong as any delivered by critics of the Christian witness.

America associate editor Father John McLaughlin, S.J., wrote glowingly of a "day of spiritual renewal" spent in Saigon with some 20 U.S. Air Force Catholic chaplains, and of visits with Vietnam's Jesuit community:

"They are vigorously unanimous on one point: their support of the Johnson Administration's management of the war. If they take any exception to what the United States has done in Vietnam, it is that they wish we had been more aggressive in our offensive action. They believe that much less U.S. blood would have flowed in Vietnam during the past four years had we conducted the war by taking the initiative more often . . . Some Jesuits would even have wanted us to invade the North."

McLaughlin cited the military's censoring of "Bonnie and Clyde" ("the more brutal parts were deleted, the assumption being, I suppose, that these segments might stimulate our soldiers to kill wantonly"). And B-52 bombing runs on the suburbs of Saigon he found "oddly comforting" ("for the city was being defended"). A more damning quote he placed with an Air Force Catholic chaplain: "When I hear those B-52s, Father, they're music to my ears."

•

Defense Instruction 54-10 is still with us.

It enabled John Wayne to film "The Green Berets" with maximum realism, but at minimum trouble and expense (to Hollywood).

Now DI 54-10 is being used by 20th Century-Fox to help it in the shooting of yet another Pearl Harbor movie, "Tora! Tora! Tora!," a for-profit, commercial venture.

DI 54-10 is the instruction which allows the military to cooperate with producers of films that reflect advantageously on the U.S.

The counter-advantages to 20th Century-Fox in screening "Tora! Tora! Tora!" include use of the 33,000-ton carrier Yorktown, which will simulate a Japanese carrier, and 30 or so Navy pilots buzzing about in piston planes crafted as Japanese bombers.

•

Obviously nothing has changed in Greece since a UN subcommittee last year drew attention to the "arbitrary arrest, detention and ill-treatment of political prisoners," and Amnesty International issued its report on the brutalities of political arrest under the Papadopoulos regime.

Testimony at hearings of the European Commission on Human Rights, sitting in Strasbourg, demonstrates that matters in Greece are as bad as they ever were.

The star witnesses were two former political prisoners, who were dispatched to Strasbourg as newly won converts of the regime. The two defected before the Commission and told of beatings on the soles of their feet (followed by running exercises in cold water), pounding with sandbags (a device which leaves no marks but causes internal bleeding), the pulling out of beards (hair by single hair), electric shocks to the genitals, and other pleasantries.

The military junta in Greece denied the Strasbourg allegations. But the junta's denials count for little these days —except, maybe, in Washington, where the policy is to "play ball" with the junta. This is not altogether disagreeable, and it produces its returns. *Berliner Extra Dienst* reports one: a "top secret" directive from Greece's Chief of General Staff to army corps commanders ordering "the speedy selection of officers, corporals and soldiers for the creation of a brigade for Vietnam."

The order has already been carried out, and the brigade is said to be stationed near Salonika. But there's no confirmation, as yet. *Mayday* says that the whole business is being kept quiet for the time being "in the interests of images."

•

Speaking of images, it wasn't a good fall for the image of Notre Dame's president, Father Theodore Hesburgh.

In late November, the liberal edges were tarnished when Father Hesburgh labeled "clearly tyranny" a student demonstration which shut off CIA recruiting at Notre Dame.

A few days later, he appeared at a National Student Association conference and spoke of the work of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission, of which he has been a member since its founding 11 years ago.

NSA delegates were more interested, however, in hard home issues. Like Notre Dame's low number of black students; connections between university trustees and business concerns which the students consider racist; and Notre Dame's links with the military.

The exchange didn't go well.

The students were particularly unsettled by a Hesburgh statement that he could see no connection between Reserve Officer Training Corps classes and racism. It showed "the distance between us," the *Times* quoted one student as saying.

Another offered a summing-up: "He's done good work on some things like the Civil Rights Commission, but if he doesn't see the totality of his position as the head of a key institution in this society, then he doesn't see the totality of the changes which have to come."

•

A 550-pound Italian data-seeking satellite recently streaked off from Adelaide, Australia, atop a British Blue Streak first-stage, a French Coralie second-stage, and a West German Astris third-stage rocket.

Seven seconds into the third stage, the rocket got lost.

"We don't know where it is," a launch official told Reuters. Reuters didn't identify the official, but everyone knows. Peter Sellers. JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Dissent to Dewart

New York

To the Editors: Leslie Dewart's glib dismissal of the view that Russia's deployment of ground-to-ground nuclear missiles in Cuba altered the balance of power as "of course, one of the tallest tales to come out of the White House," is irresponsible, particularly since he makes no effort to substantiate his statement—because he can't.

All documentation of this incident supports the official view, namely that in fact these missiles posed an unprecedented threat to the Eastern section of the United States. At that time, Russia did not have a serious attack capacity based on nuclear submarines. As for his comments about the blockade, the whole point of the blockade was that it served as a device to establish our determination to remove this new threat. Russia did have "reason to run the blockade or resist it" because Kennedy's ploy was in part to enlist world opinion and therefore Russia's accession did involve a certain loss of face, which, thank God, they finally accepted, to everyone's credit and relief.

EDWARD T. CHASE

Word from Vietnam

CORDS, Quang Tin, So. Vietnam

To the Editors: I need not go into the history of the war or the hell the people are living and dying in here. There are too many real people dying from corruption, bombs, and terrorism to write a sensational letter. I can only ask you to fulfill your responsibility as a Christian and editor to continue to bring the hard questions to your readers' minds and stop the war that could destroy the Vietnamese people and homeland. . . .

As a Catholic, I find it hard to attend Mass because of the Church's general isolation and alienation from the common people and the culture. My Mass seems to be with the people in their sufferings and hopes, and communion

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THE WALKER REPORT

The Warren Commission report, the McCone report on Watts, the Kerner report on civil disorders, and now the Walker report on the violence at the Democratic convention. As the country gets worse, quipped Murray Kempton, the reports get better. Certainly, the Walker report is a remarkable job. Not the least reason for this estimate is the speed with which the report was produced and issued, and the courage it took to pronounce a straightforward condemnation of outrageous police brutality in a situation complicated enough to provide plenty of excuse for official hemming and hawing. In Chicago, police rioted, concludes Walker, and for this they have been neither condemned nor disciplined.

Walker warns that lack of further action on the Chicago affair will "discourage the majority of policemen who acted responsibly, and further weaken the bond between police and community." Is he, however, suggesting a division of opinion where, unfortunately, there is none? To all appearances, the police have largely closed ranks before the critics, and the community (the Chicago white community) may do the same. Since the Walker report undoubtedly contains errors, the law-'n'-order Right will surely spawn anti-Walker critiques the way the Left spawned criticism of the Warren Commission. Chicago will be with us for some time to come.

Walker himself warns as much, and in a more profound sense, when he writes, "Although the crowds were finally dispelled on the nights of violence in Chicago, the problems they represent have not been. Surely this is not the last time that a violent dissenting group will clash head-on with those whose duty it is to enforce the law." Without this warning the report could even be as productive of illusions as of enlightenment. The fact is that Chicago is an easy target, and Chicago police the easiest. Radicals, liberals and the moderates who control national media are enjoying a moment of

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unanimity, but the trend is toward a growing division between these groups. When liberals have experienced their own institutions attacked, e.g., the A.D.A., the civilian defense establishment, and above all the university, they have begun to conclude that harsh repression is perhaps inevitable after all. The gradual slide toward such a position could be charted in a number of articles appearing recently in generally liberal publications like *Commentary* or the *New York Times Magazine*. The argument is roughly as follows: a militant minority can always disrupt any relatively open institution, the use of police to restrain the disrupters will offend sensitive liberals and rally support for the militants, the institution is thus successfully disrupted, and if the process is repeated society either becomes anarchic or a full-scale repressive, authoritarian reaction sets in. The implied conclusion? Simply that liberals should cease being so sensitive and let the police do their dirty work, at Columbia anyway, if not in Chicago.

One can point to flaws in this argument. It suffers from that stretching of logic to the point of doom which always seems to precede a declaration of war. It is not at all certain that a militant minority can rally "bleeding hearts" over the issue of police action alone unless that minority is protesting other matters which have a moral resonance in a large sector of the community, like Vietnam in Chicago, or the university's casual flouting of Harlem opinion at Columbia.

But more important, this argument rests on the assumptions, good, liberal assumptions: (a) that present processes of decision-making are open enough to provide reasonable hope that major reforms in society can be achieved without disruption; and (b) that the ills of society are not so extensive as to render intolerable the postponement of change while the mills of reform grind exceedingly slow.

Both these assumptions are, however, precisely what the radicals challenge. Sometimes following Marx and sometimes simply following their own common sense, they argue that American decision-making processes do not allow for major change, that progress is not creeping ever forward like the liberal tortoise which beats the revolutionary hare; but that, in fact, the nation may be moving in the wrong direction altogether. They top this bleak analysis with the cry, "We can't wait!"

There is no embarrassment in not having a pat resolution for this dilemma. It is clear that liberal theory is strained to the breaking point and depends on repressing the violence and extra-legal confrontation which was central to America's "success story." It is also clear that the revolutionaries have developed no satisfactory counter theory, and that they have begun to degrade themselves and disavow their ideals by confrontation techniques closer to fascist castor oil than Gandhian civil disobedience. There is a dividing line between opposition, even violent, and the desire to humiliate and dehumanize, evident in the new popularity of obscenity or the recent drenching given a South Vietnamese UN observer who tried to speak at New York University. The balance of power, nonetheless, is still overwhelmingly the Liberals' and the Establishment's. If they prefer to concentrate on the New Left's very real failings rather than attack the violence structured into our society—see Walker—then both disruption and repression will be our destiny.

JAILING HAYDEN?

"Past senselessness permits present brutality; present brutality is a prelude to future deeds of still greater inhumanity: that is the moral history of the twentieth century, from the First World War to the present. A half a century of accelerating destruction has flattened out the individual's ability to make moral distinctions; it has made people understandably give up; it has forced private worry and public silence."

Tom Hayden wrote these words in 1962, incorporating them into "The Port Huron Statement" of the Students for a Democratic Society. Since then Hayden himself has become a symbol of the very vanguard of dissent he helped to create—in spite of his repeated attempts to disabuse the movement of its need for symbolic leaders and individual spokesmen. Following the lead of Bob Moses, Hayden tried to disappear into the ghetto, the Newark Central Ward in his case. Hayden's rationale was that to make the revolution the movement must be popularly-based and highly organized. Hayden's Newark Community Union Project (N-CUP) was part of a series of attempts by students to organize on an issue-by-issue basis, shunning leadership roles in favor of the longer-term goals of building permanent structures within the central cities that could not be destroyed with the arrest of its leaders. The result, in part, was the eventual ability of local black groups to begin exercising political power, threatening local party machines, overthrowing paternalistic concepts of welfare: in short becoming more independent.

With the intensification of the Vietnam war, Hayden helped move the students into the kind of confrontation politics that has propelled the radical student community from teach-ins into organizing along lines that would be resistant to accommodating pressures on the part of establishment élites. It is this intransigence, this refusal to compromise on the belief in the necessity for revolution in America that has become so vexatious to the present Administration and such a potential threat to the next. For Hayden, as for the New Left generally, American society is founded on an inegalitarian structure that permits dissent but refuses to respond to this dissent other than in ways designed to crush it or buy it off. Progress is an illusion, manipulative elites a continuing fact.

Now, there are strong indications that the government is about to crack down on the New Left by singling Hay-

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den out for arrest. The FBI has been scouring the country for evidence to indict Hayden under the infamous "Rap Brown" law—crossing state lines to incite to riot. Hayden himself is philosophical about his pending arrest. "Whoever the media make into a left leader will be put away," he said recently; the example of Eldridge Cleaver serves to underscore this thesis, as do the hundreds of arrests of draft resisters and those who have counselled draft resistance. Hayden's arrest, however, will be significant in that it will point the way for the return of overt repression of those who still challenge the system openly by attempting to utilize "legitimate" channels of protest and confrontation.

DUE PROCESS IN CHURCH

Representatives of Catholic priests in New York State met recently and urged the introduction of the American concept of due process into canon law. In particular they urged Rome and their bishops to provide new procedures whereby accused priests or laymen would have the right to have a speedy and public trial, to engage counsel, to confront witnesses, and to appeal adverse decisions to higher bodies. In their action the New York priests represented eleven official and unofficial priests' organizations in the state, and indirectly they quite clearly represented a far larger constituency. Indeed, in basic outline their demands reflect the views of the respected Canon Law Society of America, which has urged consideration of the democratic ideas of due process on the Vatican commission now working on a revision of canon law, the first in fifty years.

As matters now stand, canon law offers little protection to an accused except the presumed omni-competence and wisdom of his own bishop—the very man against whom he may have a complaint. Theoretical rights of appeal in certain instances are in fact complicated and limited to the point of uselessness. A thorough review of canon law along the lines suggested by these facts is long overdue.

There are those, of course, who profess to be shocked at the idea of introducing specifically "American" or "democratic" ideas into canon law, although why such people never boggled over the years at the practice of ring-kissing or titles like "Your Excellency" is hard to understand. In any case, there is in reality no reason for such a negative attitude. The Church has incorporated into its structures and daily life all kinds of features from the various cultures in which it has lived; characteristics of the monarchical and feudal past seem particularly hard to get rid of. Under the circumstances, there is absolutely no reason which the Church should not learn from the good things of democracy, including respect for due process, freedom to express personal beliefs, freedom to seek for truth without harassment, the right to access to full information about the operations of the Church, the right to freedom of association and petition, the right to effective redress, and the like. The relevance of each one of these protections to the life of the Church at this very moment is obvious. Not only is there no reason such features should not be incorporated into the life of the Church, but as one looks at the actions and attitudes of Cardinal O'Boyle, Archbishop Lucey and various other Church leaders here and abroad, it is painfully clear that there is a crying need for such protections.

The Bishops Stay Out of the Vineyard

Nearly lost in all the headlines that emerged from the recent U.S. bishops' meeting regarding *Humanae Vitae* and selective conscientious objection was the conciliatory, lack-luster statement made by the NCCB calling for federal legislation to allow America's 1.5 million farm workers the legal right to organize and bargain collectively. While reaffirming the Church's social teachings regarding the rights of the working man, the bishops refused either to support by name the striking United Farm Workers Organizing Committee strike in Delano, California or endorse the national consumer boycott of that state's table grapes.

An original draft of the bishops' statement, it is reported, specifically noted the strike and boycott's significance, but two California bishops, Hugh A. Donohoe and Timothy Manning, whose Stockton and Fresno dioceses span the 400-mile San Joaquin Valley, objected to such specifics. They argued that such a reference would be deeply offensive to many Catholics of their dioceses who are growers of grapes or employed in the vineyards.

"The bishops had to put out a statement with which we can all live," is the way Bishop Donohoe explained it to a reporter. A Fresno chancery office official put it in different language in 1966 when declaring the Church's neutrality in the strike after a union plea for the bishop to mediate the dispute: "It is unfair to assume that we hesitate to speak out against injustice because of the reprisal from those best able to support our churches, schools and institutions."

In allowing local diocesan economics to dictate to them to what degree they should support the nation's farm workers, the bishops ignored important facts. In their own statement they note that "for 30 years the disadvantaged field workers of this nation have stood by helplessly and listened to other Americans debating the farm labor problem." Yet in failing to recognize the Delano strike and national boycott, the bishops turn a deaf ear on agricultural employees from Florida to California who

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are indeed looking to this strike and boycott as a last-ditch effort to help themselves achieve economic and social justice.

President-elect Richard M. Nixon has made it abundantly clear that he does not favor National Labor Relations Act coverage for farm workers but rather prefers "farmers and farm workers discussing mutual problems in good faith and always within the framework of law that protects the individual interest and public interest." It is clear from this statement that even less leadership than in previous administrations will be forthcoming from the White House on the NLRA measure.

Although Texas Senator Ralph Yarborough, a long-time friend of the farm worker, has succeeded to the chairmanship of the Senate Labor Committee and California's Senator-elect Alan Cranston was vigorously supported by the UFWOC, the loss of Pennsylvania's Joe Clark, Oregon's Wayne Morse, Alaska's Ernest Gruening, and particularly Robert Kennedy will make passage of appropriate legislation doubtful if not impossible.

The refusal to be specific and instead simply make a pledge of "our united efforts to achieve this objective" without the detailing of any specific program to mobilize a grass roots campaign (similar to their efforts on behalf of the 1965 Civil Rights Act) to assure necessary extension of NLRA coverage, makes the bishops' whole statement just another of those empty promises the farm worker has grown accustomed to in the last three decades. If the right to organize is basic, as "The Church in the Modern World" and other social documents of the Church insist, why are all available just means not advocated by the bishops to achieve it? Or, to put it in the words of Rev. James L. Vizzard, S.J., a former National Catholic Rural Life Conference director, when he criticized the local Church structure in Delano a couple of years ago for their non-involvement: "When the wolf is in the fold it's no help to the flock to assure them that, after all, the wolf needs to eat too and that besides efforts are being contemplated to build—at some time in the indefinable future—a more secure sheepfold or perhaps even to attempt to tame the wolves."

Finally what makes the bishops' action so hard to understand is that, in contrast, both the strike and boycott have already been strongly endorsed by the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A., a body far more vulnerable to economic pressures than the Roman Church, i.e., the recent closing of the Fresno Council of Churches administrative office because of "budgetary reasons" due to its support of the strike.

When the American Catholic bishops as a body begin to show a willingness to "suffer" in a similar manner then they will be, by necessity, taking the first positive steps to end the real suffering of millions of America's rural poor.

A. V. KREBS, JR.

(A. V. Krebs, Jr., is a free-lance writer living in San Francisco.)

Political Triangle In Puerto Rico

The election of pro-statehood industrialist Luis A. Ferré as Governor of Puerto Rico has prompted some speculation that the island is headed for statehood. However, Ferré had in fact downplayed the political status issue in his campaign, aware of last year's election that produced an ample majority for retention of commonwealth status. The unquestionable conclusion to emerge from the post-election autopsy is the obvious one: the island's status is still unclear, 150 years and a trillion words after its great debate began.

Ever since the Bolivar-led revolts in South America stirred the islanders into an awareness of the *"nacionalidad puertoriqueña"* they have been trying to choose between integration with the metropolis (Spain, and later the U.S.); following an autonomous path (now called "commonwealth"); or going it alone as an independent state. It is the latter course that has been buoyed most recently by political events. Partido Independista Puertorriqueño (P.I.P.) spokesman Antonio Gonzalez, for instance, reports that numerous members of the middle-road Partido Popular are now in the independence camp; another independence leader, Roman Catholic Bishop Antulio Parrilla, describes Ferré as "another Muñoz Marin" who will not attempt to steer the island to statehood once he assumes power in January 1969.

Bishop Parrilla has emerged as a unifier of many of the diverse independence groups. His greatest success to date came last September 23rd, when he brought seven independence groups together on the same platform to celebrate the centenary of the Grito de Lares—a brief armed uprising against Spain in 1868. Some fifteen thousand Puerto Ricans, including attorneys and businessmen, came to applaud orators who insisted that elections can bring independence.

But also in attendance were youthful bands of demonstrators who forced the lowering of the U.S. flag from the post office and other government buildings. Handbills were distributed from the "armed commandos for liberation"—an underground terrorist organization that has already destroyed $14 million in commercial properties and which has pledged to destroy $100 million in U.S. property on the island. Loudest applause of the day went to a speaker from the "Movimiento pro-Independencia" who called for revolution as "the most effective means to social change."

Judged by the criteria usually employed to gauge an area's readiness for nationhood, Puerto Rico is overripe for independence: its per capita income is 1,200 dollars annually, more than for most Western European nations. The island's literacy rate is 86 percent, its people have a

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70-year life-expectancy, and the citizenry has been holding, and abiding by elections for 65 years.

Paradoxically, this very progress acts as a counterweight to independency—its citizens stand to lose a great deal, including free entry to the U.S. market, and the chance of jeopardizing the island's source of investment capital. There is also the matter of direct U.S. aid, which last year topped $260 million.

Yet against this is the fact that Puerto Rico is subject to the United States in all matters of foreign trade, foreign relations, complete F.C.C. control of broadcasting, F.A.A. control of aviation, F.B.I. vigilance, and virtually all the authority of the federal government. Most galling is the Selective Service Act to which Puerto Ricans are subject although the people had no part in the Act's passage, just as they have no voice in Congress on any of the federal legislation that affects them.

Bishop Parrilla and many others see the economic boom as unpalatable, and "favor independence even if we have to suffer inconvenience and some economic disadvantages, in order to be able to participate in the international community of nations as equals. . . ." Ferré, himself, won by hammering away at the island's still grimly inadequate housing, its raging drug addiction (15 times higher than New York City), and by emphasizing the problem of the other Puerto Rico whose stark plight is hidden in the "per capita" statistics. And all the independence people berate the boom as a surrender to outside capital, a surrender which will make the wrench of separation all the more difficult to take when and if it comes. To ease the breakaway, Independence Party leader Gonzalez talks of a ten-year transition period during which U.S. loans and other aid would help Puerto Rico make a "soft landing." But Gonzalez wants independence immediately after his party attains power—something he predicts will occur in 1980, though this prediction is dismissed by his detractors in light of the P.I.P.'s showing in the November election. It polled 25,000 votes out of a total of 900,000. (Ironically, Ferré also chooses 1980 as the target date for statehood.)

P.I.P. itself has come under attack by other independence groups who have charged it with academicism, and essentially lacking proletarian appeal; they condemn it for having sold out to "colonialist elections," insisting that revolution is the only path to independence.

Bishop Parrilla's position is that all the conditions for a "just war" are not yet present in Puerto Rico. His conclusion: "we must stick to peaceful means, and continue to forcefully devise new and creative non-violent ways in fighting for our independence."

It seems unlikely that any change in the island's status will come about from the up-coming hearings of the joint U.S.-Puerto Rico Ad Hoc Committee; for years committees have been hearing witnesses testify that the Commonwealth is a second-class citizenship and cannot last.

HAROLD J. LIDIN

(Harold J. Lidin is a reporter in the Associated Press' San Juan Bureau.)

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BEHIND THE BANTU CURTAIN

SOUTH AFRICA LOOKS NORTH

A subtle diplomacy and sophisticated international outlook are not among the many characteristics for which South Africa is noted. The editor of the government paper *Die Burger* has lamented the fact that the country is "the skunk of the world," although he was at a loss to explain this unpopularity. Most of it, of course, derives from the singularly unacceptable policies of the South African government, but some is the result of sheer diplomatic ineptitude. The late Foreign Minister Eric Louw, for example, habitually responded to criticism of his country in the UN with prolonged and generally inaccurate harangues on the domestic policies of all the other states; and a cabinet minister, Mr. Blaar Coetzee, addresses gatherings on the topic "The world is our enemy." But a change is taking place, and South Africa is now making cautious and well-mannered advances to—of all countries—the independent African states to her north.

A few years ago a government circular to all South African civil servants forbade them to shake hands with Africans under any circumstances. Yet in 1968 photographs were published in Johannesburg newspapers showing Prime Minister Balthazzar Vorster shaking a hand which was unmistakably black: although, as the government has hastened to point out to its perplexed supporters, the hand was that of a foreign African diplomat, not a local "bantu." *Die Burger* has since tied itself and its readers into the most inextricable intellectual knots in explaining that, while it would herald the doom of white civilization to have tea with a "bantu," it is merely common courtesy to do so with a foreign visitor, whatever his color.

At first sight it seems strange that Mr. Vorster, who within his country runs a regime which is notably more segregationist and draconian than that of his assassinated predecessor, should be seeking economic and diplomatic links with the newly independent states of Africa. But his reasons are not difficult to find: quite simply, they amount to a recognition that South Africa will be far more secure and prosperous if the white buffer states which protect it to the north—Angola, Mozambique, and Rhodesia—

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can be buttressed by black states which are friendly, or at least neutral, and which are in some degree economically dependent on South Africa. The stakes South Africa is playing for are high ones—the elimination of the guerrilla sanctuaries near her borders; the possibility of a major international propaganda triumph; and the opportunity for a complete and lucrative domination of the subcontinent by South Africa's thriving industries.

The Vorster government is wooing five states—Lesotho, an enclave surrounded by South Africa, Botswana and Swaziland, which both adjoin it, and the states of Zambia and Malawi further to the north. Thus far, however, the difficulties of grafting a more conventional diplomacy onto a lunatic domestic policy have proved almost insuperable, and Pretoria has very little success to show for its efforts.

An indication of what can happen was given last year, when the wife of a visiting Zambian cabinet minister, Mrs. N. Mudenda, had the misfortune to be mistaken by officials for a local "bantu." An inspector of the Bantu Affairs Department entered the location house in which she was staying and interrogated her in her underclothes. She alleges that she was then "thrown" and "dumped" into a van, taken to a local labor bureau to produce her papers, and grilled twice by the security police before her identity was accepted. Declaring that she had "had enough," Mrs. Mudenda cut short her visit and returned to Zambia, there to lodge a formal complaint. An embarrassed Mr. J. W. Kemp of the Department of Bantu Administration explained to the Johannesburg *Sunday Times*: "We treat all bantu the same here. I did not know that she was the wife of a cabinet minister. We must know what all bantu are doing in the locations, and Mrs. Mudenda was brought in in the usual manner. We treat everyone with great courtesy here. . . ." There has been no diplomatic contact between the two countries since.

Clearly, if South Africa's diplomatic adventure is to have any hope of success, this sort of humiliation cannot be allowed to happen with any regularity. So far only one black diplomat has been permanently assigned to South Africa—Mr. Joe Katchingwe, First Secretary of the Malawi mission. What to do with him? It was unthinkable that he be required to live in an African location; apart from the familiarity this would give him with the views of the population and with such institutions as the nightly pass law raids of the police, the curfew on Africans, and highest recorded murder rate in the world, there was the total unsuitability of the housing and amenities to be considered. (The houses are built at a cost of about $730 each, and usually lack such luxuries as electricity, heating, interior ceilings, paint, and even interior doors—the reasoning being that the inhabitants might chop them up for firewood.)

Yet to house Mr. Katchingwe in a white area was equally unthinkable—or so it seemed, until the public works department descended on a vacant residence in the affluent Cape Town suburb of Rondebosch, constituency of the Leader of the Opposition, Sir de Villiers Graaff. The house is separated from its neighbors by sports-fields, but the public works officials, not content with this degree of isolation, proceeded to screen it off with a high wall of solid concrete. The existing driveway to the house from the side street which it faces has also been sealed off, and a new private roadway has been constructed, leading to a nearby main highway. The opposition press had a field day photographing the wall and interviewing apprehensive neighbors, but the Government has won its point—Mr. Katchingwe will have to Develop Separately.

Even so, the difficulties were only beginning. Mrs. Helen Suzman, the lone Progressive M.P., has announced that she will be inviting Mr. Katchingwe to lunch—in the Parliamentary dining room. A scandalized government press is accusing her of deliberately provoking an "incident," to which Mrs. Suzman airily retorts: "I always invite new diplomats to lunch, and see no possible reason for making an exception in this case." At least one M.P. is reported to have accepted the inevitable, but to be canvassing the idea of a separate table and utensils to be reserved for such purposes.

For the *verkrampte* (ultra-reactionary) wing of the Government, all this is going much too far, and the signs are growing that, despite their approval of Mr. Vorster's domestic policies, they may force a showdown on the issue of his new diplomacy. They fear not only the consequences of a massive influx of privileged diplomats from black Africa, whose status might give ideas to the "bantu," but also have visions of the United States —which has an Embassy, four Consulates, and hundreds of officials in the country—being encouraged to depart from its tacit policy of not appointing Negroes to South African posts. The *verkramptes* point out, correctly, that if the United States changes its attitude on this point, there could be serious incidents almost daily when Negro diplomats are mistaken for local "bantu" (to say nothing of the likelihood of enterprising "bantu" making fools of the police by pretending to be Negro diplomats).

Yet for the African states themselves, the treatment accorded to their representatives does not go far enough. Lesotho and Swaziland, which are among the very few African countries prepared to consider entering into relations with South Africa under any circumstances at all, are extremely hesitant about diplomatic exchanges; and in Botswana Prime Minister Sir Seretse Khama has made it plain that unless South Africa can offer something better, all his diplomacy will be conducted by telephone.

IAN ROBERTSON

(Ian Robertson served as President of the multi-racial National Union of South African Students in 1966, when he was banned after inviting Senator Robert Kennedy to visit the country. After studying at Oxford, he is now a teaching fellow and doctoral candidate at Harvard.)

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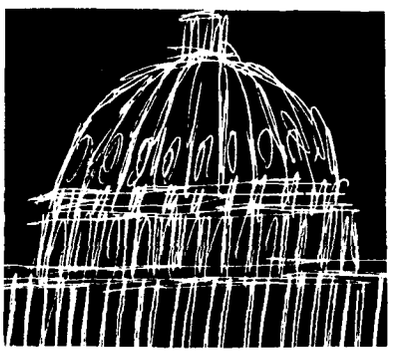
RETHINKING THE ELECTION

A second look at '68

HAROLD WOLMAN AND DOUGLAS ROSS



Many popular commentators have described the 1968 elections as not very different from elections of the past. They are mistaken, seriously so, and their error is cause for taking another look at the election results. Their interpretation ignores the pattern of long-range political shifts in America, and it fails to recognize the factors which will determine electoral victories in the years to come.

The Democrats, according to this popular argument, essentially maintained the New Deal coalition. Hubert Humphrey showed surprising strength in defeat, and George Wallace drew a smaller vote than had been expected. The Republicans, however, were able to add to their own traditional alliance a sufficient number of voters temporarily upset with the incumbent administration to fashion an electoral victory. Surprisingly, these commentators continue, George Wallace, despite his early show of strength did not have a major effect on the election since he was unable to achieve the electoral college deadlock which he apparently desired.

Despite its superficial plausibility, such an interpretation of the election completely misreads not only what happened in 1968, but the consequences of 1968 for the future. For although George Wallace's vote was not as high as expected, it clearly had a tremendous impact on the election. Without Wallace in the race it is probable (although not certain) that Humphrey would have carried Ohio and New Jersey, and possible that he would have carried Illinois and Wisconsin. Nixon would undoubtedly have won Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama and probably Texas. States such as Arkansas, Missouri and Maryland would have been up for grabs, nor is it clear what would have happened in California. In short, it is not possible to say for certain who would have won in the absence of Wallace, but it is possible to say that the pattern of victory would have been much different. Wallace's candidacy had a profound effect on the outcome.

More importantly, Wallace's performance in 1968 and his activities in the period to come will also have a profound effect on the future of American politics. Wallace's vote was small only in relation to what was expected; actually he received more popular votes than any third party candidates since Robert La Follete ran for the Progressive Party in 1924. Many political scientists feel the large vote for La Follette was the beginning of the electoral realignment which culminated in the New Deal coalition of the '30s. Indeed it appears that strong third parties have always proceeded major party realignments. Both of the other two realignments of the past century followed the appearance of strong third parties—the Republicans in 1856-60 and the Populists in 1892-96. Third parties, it appears, provide an excellent agency for many loyal party supporters to vote against their former allegiance without immediately supporting the traditional enemy, i.e., the other major party.

But what causes major party realignment and why is there reason to believe we are now in the midst of one? Samuel Lubell has suggested that American politics can be viewed more profitably by focusing on the battle between the groups comprising a party coalition rather than on the clashes between the parties themselves. These coalitions making up our political parties are not inert. Rather there is normally a slow but continual movement of groups from party to party, a movement which paral-

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lels, but lags behind, the changing relationships of various groups to their economic, social and political environment. The lag is due primarily to the fact that party loyalties are difficult to shed quickly since these often consist of long held emotional allegiances.

These party loyalties are of tremendous importance. Political scientists have determined that in the long run they are the most important factor in determining which party will win elections. Since the late Depression years, the Democrats have enjoyed a commanding edge in party identification. Over the past thirty years 50 to 55 percent of the voting age population (though not always the same 50 to 55 percent from year to year) has identified itself as Democratic while only 30 to 35 percent of the same population has viewed itself as Republican. In the absence of any other consideration, the Democrats would have won every election held during this period. Indeed that is nearly the case. That it is not completely so is due to other short run forces which might affect specific elections such as a tremendously appealing Republican candidate able to attract votes across party lines (Eisenhower) or an overwhelmingly important issue.

However, there are points in time when events occur or issues arise which are so important that they shock members of the groups in question into reexamining and permanently changing their own party identification. The Civil War, the Populist revolt and the Depression were such events. The event or series of events which appear to be producing the current realignment is the Negro Revolution.

The Coalition Cracks

It is the unhappiness of two of the largest components of the majority Democratic coalition over this Negro Revolution which provides the basis for this realignment. Both the white South and portions of the white working class have perceived this revolution as a product of Democratic administration and the Democratic party. Their discontent over this situation has reached a level of intensity sufficient to support a third party, a party which received more than 13% of the national vote in the past election. As was true in the three earlier cases, the future of the two major parties will be determined largely by what happens to the third party voters *after* the 1968 election.

If the political scientists are correct, what will happen to them is dependent upon the nature of the changing relationship between those groups which make up the Wallace support and the economic, political and social environment as they perceive it. The white urban working class entered the Democratic coalition when the Negro was not a major political force or issue in American politics. Its entry was related to the espousal of social and economic welfare policies by the Democrats during the Depression. The South, on the other hand, went solidly Democratic for the expressed purpose of keeping the Negro out of politics in the wake of the Civil War.

However, the environment has changed dramatically for both groups during the past decade. The welfare policies desired by organized labor having been largely accomplished, much of the rank-and-file currently view their new found security as jeopardized by Negroes who threaten to move in their neighborhoods, attend their schools, and take their jobs, *thanks to programs* sponsored by Democratic administrations. (Thus in the recent election Humphrey received, according to CBS, the support of only 47% of blue collar workers in large cities with high Negro populations—in short, cities in the key industrial states.) And, with a similar effect on white Southerners, the Negro is now quite active in Southern politics within the Democratic party, *thanks to the actions* of Democratic administrations.

In fact, the movement of members of these two groups out of the Democratic party has been preceding at a slow pace for a number of years. While 78 percent of the manual workers in this country cast their votes for Truman in 1948, their support for Democratic candidates ranged from only 50 to 65 percent in the ten-year period between 1952 and 1962. It is vitally important to remember that in politics, not absolute numbers, but margins are all important. The fact that by dint of tremendous effort by the unions, Humphrey received the support of a plurality of workers in the past election is not as important as the fact that the margin by which the Democrats have carried this vote has significantly dwindled over the years. Indeed, the Republicans have apparently whittled the Democratic vote among workers sufficiently to give the G.O.P. the margin of victory in the 7 large Northern industrial states. In these states (New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, New Jersey, Massachusetts, and Michigan) six of the seven Governors and ten of the 14 Senators are Republican. And nationally, Nixon could not have won without Ohio, Illinois and New Jersey, all states where the Democratic vote among workers has atrophied over the years.

Similarly, the 73 percent of the Southern vote that went Democratic in 1948 dropped to a 54 percent level of support in 1952 where it remained until this year. (White Southern support undoubtedly continued to deteriorate since 1952 but was offset as Negroes obtained the franchise and voted Democratic.) This year the Democrats were nearly obliterated at the presidential level in the South, receiving only 32 percent of the vote.

However, the gradual exodus of these groups out of the Democratic coalition has been largely obscured until 1968 by other short-term forces. The personal popularity of Eisenhower, the Catholicism of Kennedy, and the ideological economic conservatism of Goldwater all served to hide the attrition the Democrats were suffering. Indeed, the 1964 election, while it accelerated somewhat the trend of the white South to leave the party, reversed

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for a short time the similar trend of the white urban working class. It did so because labor felt a threat to its economic security in the presence of a Republican candidate who was believed opposed to social security, Medicare and perhaps even unions in general. The widely-heralded white backlash did not materialize in 1964 because working-class whites were more concerned with their economic security than with "the Negro problem." As John Kessel demonstrates by statistical analysis in his book, *The Goldwater Coalition*, "Attitudes about welfare (public power, jobs and living standards, and aid to education) were most closely related to the voting decisions . . . Civil rights, a major question of national policy in 1964, does not appear to have been as influential as welfare issues with respect to voting."

Organized labor tried to emphasize the same themes in this election. The anti-union record of George Wallace in Alabama was stressed by labor leaders, and the success of this attack on Wallace undoubtedly accounted for the smaller labor vote for Wallace than had been expected. But after four years of riots and growing black militancy and without Barry Goldwater as a visible threat, the strategy did not work nearly as well as in 1964, and is likely to work less well in the future. For a significant number of workers, race has replaced economic issues as the major concern. The blacklash is likely to be a prominent feature of American politics in the foreseeable future.

The Republicans thus may well benefit after 1968 by adding the South and enough of the white urban working class to form a new majority coalition on the right, relegating the Democrats to the status of a minority party. If indeed this should happen, what alternatives would be open to the Democrats to reverse this situation? First, it is necessary to point out that it has not been all downhill for the Democrats since the '50s. They have added elements to their coalition as well as lost them. Many more Negroes are voting and a higher percentage of them are voting Democratic than was formerly the case (up from about 60-70 percent Democratic to what seems to be a stable 90-plus percent Democratic). In addition, there has been a movement of the New England region from Republican to Democratic during the past decade. Unfortunately for the Democrats, however, the number of people leaving the party is a good deal greater than those coming in.

Choice for the Democrats

The Democrats' dilemma is clear. They must add some large elements to their declining coalition or be prepared to face a long series of electoral defeats. And the prime prospect for addition to the Democratic coalition is the professional middle-class, the fastest growing segment of the American voting population. To a large extent, the professional middle-class is new, the product of the educational revolution which has populated the country's colleges and universities. It is also highly suburban and, at least in terms of party identification, traditionally Republican, although not overwhelmingly so. In this election 51 percent of the suburban vote was Republican. How can the Democrats siphon off enough of this vote to provide them with a margin of victory? To some extent the movement of Wallace supporters into positions of influence in the Republican party would naturally accelerate the movement of some of the professional middle-class out of the G.O.P. But it is more important that the Democrats run candidates who would positively appeal to this group, and in particular, to college students about to become members of this group, since party loyalties of young people are much less fixed than those of any other age group.

Although only a minority of college students are New Left, distrust of traditional politicians and "the old politics" is widespread. The appeal of a Gene McCarthy to these people—middle-class professionals, many of whom are suburban and Republican, as well as college students about to become middle-class professionals—was evident in the primaries. To some extent Edmund Muskie duplicated that appeal during the campaign. Their style and approach met the desires of this new educated elite; they spoke *to* the people rather than *at* them. Indeed, the virtues of McCarthy in particular were the virtues of a middle-class man—honesty, integrity, decency, rationality. As the polls convincingly showed it was this style more than the policies he advocated which accounted for his success. A private study commissioned by the Michigan Democratic party revealed that voters of both parties regarded Johnson and Humphrey as considerably to the left of McCarthy, with the latter being regarded as a moderate.

Yet the Democrats nominated Hubert Humphrey, an apostle of the old style. They will be unable to attract this professional middle-class with leaders who are viewed as political in the traditional sense, as Humphrey was. If such a candidate is nominated in 1972, this class may well maintain its allegiance to the GOP, giving the Republicans a grand coalition which would make for a Democratic defeat of 1936 or 1964 proportions. What is more likely, however, is that the Democrats will nominate Edward Kennedy in 1972. Kennedy's candidacy would serve to arrest but not change the long-term trend operating against the Democratic Party, much as the Goldwater candidacy did in 1964. It is likely some of the white urban working-class vote would return to the Democrats due to the magic of the Kennedy name and the substantial sympathy vote he would attract. But such a return would be merely temporary. The need to attract the new professional middle-class vote would still be paramount—though there is reason to believe that a Kennedy nomination might not hurt, and could help, efforts to attract this voter over the long range.

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There is, of course, another possibility. It is *not* inevitable that the Republican party will move to attract large numbers of the Wallace voters. The crucial question is what will the GOP have to do to attract increasing numbers of those votes. If all it takes is the ritual invocation of the words "law and order," then the Republicans can be expected to pick up the Wallace votes with some ease. But should it require something more significant—such as the inclusion of a Southerner with a thinly veiled (if veiled at all) racist approach on the presidential tickets, or racist legislation propounded by the Nixon administration, the GOP might very well balk. There are, after all, a fair number of Northern Republican liberals—including many officeholders such as Lindsay, Rockefeller, Percy, Hatfield, Romney, Shafer, Evans, etc.—who would find this concession to be totally unacceptable. Indeed it is not possible to predict how even so pragmatic a Republican as Richard Nixon would react. A racist on the ticket implies a major redistribution of power within the Republican coalition, and it is possible that the moderates and liberals, in alliance with non-racist conservatives, might have the strength to prevent it. In addition if Nixon turns out to be the active president he has suggested he will be, he may be driven into an alliance with Republican moderates and Democrats in order to pass his legislative program. This would surely strain any efforts to capture the Wallace vote.

If the Republicans can not attract large numbers of the 1968 Wallace vote, then where will that vote go? Assuming that present social trends continue—i.e., that the Negro revolution accelerates—it is possible that America may experience a political phenomenon unknown in its previous history—a viable third party existing over a significant period of time. Third parties have not been viable in the past because their adherents have ultimately succumbed to the wiles of one of the two major parties which has moved to encompass the dissidents. But it now appears that a cleavage has developed in American society that is so deep that a significant minority may refuse to compromise their beliefs. At the same time enough members of each major party feel strongly enough about the issue to prevent either party from moving to encompass the dissidents. That was approximately the situation 110 years ago in this country on the eve of the Civil War. At that time, as today, race was the issue dividing America.

The Church in the inner city

A NON-PROPHET ORGANIZATION

WILLIAM J. DUNCAN

"I used to think the Church was pretty good—I mean with the food tickets and all. And Father was nice. Then I got to thinking about all the millions they got hidden away and why don't they loosen up if they want poor people to be free." ANNIE DODDS

"Me and my children have to get out of that apartment. Last night I rolled over in bed and crushed a rat." FLORA BELL

"Dealing with the diocese is like talking to the welfare. I just figure this priest is like my investigator and the bishop is like the commissioner and I understand them fine." JEAN ROYALS

It is no secret that the Catholic Church in ghetto communities is in deep trouble. The struggle for self-determination in the city's ghettos is one of the most important events of our age, yet the Church, far from supporting this thrust, shows every evidence of crushing it—as every other bureaucracy has done. In oak-paneled rectories, confused white priests dispense an ever-increasing number of "food tickets." Church societies, long irrelevant, dutifully follow "Father's" direction. Despite a rapidly emerging black consciousness, there are no black clergy, no black leaders in ghetto parishes. Someone recently remarked that visiting the eight parishes in the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn was a little like going to a desert where World War II aircraft are kept. "The warm, dry air prevents erosion—but don't try to fly one! And a B-17 crew is not so desirable in a 707 age."

Parochial schools deal almost exclusively with moneyed Negro children, while Catholic high schools in the ghetto "educate" the white children from nearby middle class neighborhoods. Ill-trained nuns, ignorant of black and Puerto Rican culture, but eager to be "relevant" and "meaningful," see themselves as "missionaries to these people." They bring a white Jesus into a black community and in some instances try to teach African culture. They can't understand why they prepare fewer and fewer for

FATHER WILLIAM J. DUNCAN, *along with two other priests, lives and works among the people of Bedford-Stuyvesant as part of an experimental diocesan project.*

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"first communion"; even less do they grasp why the Church loses contact with 95 percent of their graduates.

More affluent blacks are moving to the "suburb" of St. Albans, leaving Bedford-Stuyvesant to "these people" —recent Southern migrants forced from their homes in Georgia and the Carolinas. One priest estimated that all the parishes "could be blown up tonight and not two percent of the population would notice it in the morning."

Older priests pore over empty baptismal registers, while 12 younger inner-city men have left the priesthood within the past two years. Chancery officials attributed this to "battle fatigue" and promptly prohibited young priests from being assigned to the area.

Actually, the present state of obsolescence is not a recent phenomenon. Rather, it grows out of the Church's continued cooperation with the larger society's racism. St. Peter Claver Church, for example, was founded some 40 years ago as the final solution to the "Negro" problem in the area. It was built because Nativity parish, one block away, would not welcome black people. As an immensely rich church, Nativity could well afford a separate building for "these people." (Nativity stands today as a vast shell—or tomb—but it maintains its wealth through careful financial investment.)

The Claver "solution" proved to be temporary and, as Bedford-Stuyvesant became more black, white children, "our own," were bussed into the area. The number has declined more recently, but as late as last year one primary school had a 65 percent white, bussed-in enrollment.

"Our own" shifted from the white Christians who fled the neighborhood to the aspiring West Indians, who account for more than half of several parishes' Catholic population. The disfranchised and harassed Southern migrant was left, for his nourishment, to a wide variety of city agencies, most particularly the Welfare Department. The parishes sat by, preaching Christ, "giving instructions" to anyone who might want to become Catholic; all the while, housing deteriorated, public and private education became increasingly meaningless, employment opportunities became almost non-existent, welfare rolls tripled and quadrupled. The effect on rectories was that food-ticket distribution rapidly mounted and tuition payments arrived later each month. Some priests finally began to attend "anti-poverty" meetings where the poor were diagnosed, dissected, planned for and thoroughly sold down the river through such monumental clichés as "maximum feasible participation."

What one might expect, of course, from such unmistakable signs of the Catholic Church's decay in the inner city is some amount of imagination and creativity. One might even hope that the Church itself could be converted to the cry of human misery and need. What we got and continue to receive is something else. "Brooklyn Bishop Opens Vast Drive on Poverty" was the New York *Daily News* headline for Feb. 3, 1966. The press release spoke of a "massive and unprecedented" attack employing the full resources of the diocese. Priests will "go out into the marketplace" and parishes will gather together in area associations to better attack the problem.

It is now more than two-and-a-half years since the "vast drive" began. Some work has been done. However, it has not exceeded some very limited and controlled funding used to treat a few symptoms and studiously avoid causes. Thus there are more case-workers, homemakers, coordinators, counselors and rhythm specialists. What it all amounts to is "ecclesiastical welfare"—diocesan money sent into the desert to keep the parochial aircraft in repair. Poverty communities themselves were not invited to participate in the discussions and planning. Programs did not evolve from their ideas or decisions, but rather were imposed by the "professionals"—those with the power and the money.

What has happened is that the Church has emerged from one conservatism. Its structures were forced to admit that the policy of "taking care of our own" is unworkable: there are no more of "our own" left! What is not so apparent, however, is that the Church is following the lead of other governmental agencies, liberal indeed, but no less manipulative in its attitude. Thus one hears eloquent and liberal pastoral letters on open housing and racism—worthy of the pen of Daniel Moynihan.

But nothing happens after the statement; the people still understand open housing as gutted buildings.

At the same time, Catholic Charities offices more and more resemble miniature HRA facilities—with many meetings, expanded staff and much federal money to "help the poor—bring them up." The Brooklyn diocese has even begun to speak of "maximum feasible participation." This further expansion of the anti-poverty bureaucracy into the Church means that any social change will be carefully controlled by the power brokers at the top and conscientiously administered by the bureaucrats in the middle. For the people—at the bottom naturally—there will be no change at all.

Thus one has a government and Church for the people, not by the people, both developing ever-expanding and more remote bureaucracies, publishing "club reports" and carefully constructed, highly quotable press releases. The difference is that the government uses the *New York Times*, while the diocese utilizes its own *Brooklyn Tablet*.

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Meanwhile, back at the rectories, priests curse their bingo badges, cry all the way to the bank, and worry about balancing faltering accounts. Summer programs make children sweaty; Youth Corps kids are paid not to burn the Neighborhood; and Head Start (which spends over 50 percent of federal Community Action monies) engages predominantly white teachers at $10 per hour to play "ring around the rosy."

Control is clearly in the hands of the white elite. Brooklyn, the largest diocese in the world, boasts three black priests in clergy of over a thousand. A recent parish "Martin Luther King Camp for Black Leadership" was white-initiated, white-dominated, white-controlled. The illusion of participation and decision is kept through words like "dialogue," "concern" and "communication." But there is no doubt about the ultimate outcome: choices are made unilaterally and from the top.

This colonialist approach has been used by city government quite effectively. The welfare system is one of the best examples of such manipulative paternalism. Not only has it successfully oppressed millions, while giving the illusion that it alleviates need: it systematically perpetuates itself through a hierarchic maze of well-paid nickel-bureaucrats, each jealous of his own four square feet of reality. Everyone, from Meany to Moynihan, has decried "this hopeless system," but what happens when alternatives are discussed? Clients in an advantageous position to determine what can best be done are inevitably excluded. When they try to attend, as in recent Rockefeller and State Board of Welfare meetings, they are arrested for "disturbing the peace." The poor have no voice, no representation, no recourse. The peace is maintained by the "experts," who dream up plans like hiring clients as case-aides, work incentive programs employing recipients as baby-sitters, education programs, consumer programs, etc. All have been sponsored exclusively by the "professionals," all have received careful coverage in the *New York Times,* all have been failures. "What do I care about the capital of Montana," said one client, "when my baby has no bread." Welfare admits to a "communication gap" but resolves the issue by expanding its public relations department!

One would think that the Catholic Church would see a unique opportunity of assisting the poor against a municipal welfare system which rules with a caprice reminiscent of the Third Reich. Support of the Welfare Rights Movement, a *client-controlled* complex of unionized recipients, would be such an opportunity. Instead, Catholic Charities gives a few thousand dollars (for store rents and utilities) and informs private and public agencies of what "we are doing to help the poor." One communique from SAD (Social Action Department) even credits itself with "initiating" the movement in Brooklyn—which is simply untrue.

Client leaders, when they learn how much "the Man" can "afford," are forced to listen to diocesan representatives tell them: "You realize, of course, that the bishop doesn't have to give you anything." This we'll-head-'em-off-at-the-budget approach ensures the Church's tight control and seriously hampers client attempts for significant change. Until the Church is willing to yield its power and control, it merely maintains the establishment, eloquent *Tablet* stories and photos of bishops posing with black children notwithstanding.

Perhaps in its attitudes towards experimentation does the Church show its clearest parallels with city bureaucracies. It's "in" to experiment; every good liberal does it. Thus "pilot projects," "experimental programs," "new approaches" glut city planning. The Church makes its symbolic gestures towards experimentation, but those involved are convinced that experiments take place in spite of, rather than because of, diocesan support. A few priests are released for apartment living (considered an innovation) and left on their own with parachuted supplies to keep them going. "I feel like a spy and not part of an advance group," said one young priest recently. "They are not interested in following or supporting you. It's more like *Mission Impossible*: 'You realize Jim that if you or any of your staff is captured, we will disavow any knowledge of your activities.' "

"Too Controversial"

And the mission is impossible. Schools in Bedford-Stuyvesant provide a real challenge for experimentation. Yet nothing happens, and this school year is no different from last, with two Catholic inner-city high schools with a combined enrollment of 2,200 and 21 black students. One Catholic primary school in Bedford-Stuyvesant has a 70 percent Spanish-speaking enrollment and no Spanish-speaking teacher. Support for the Ocean Hill-Brownsville experimental school district—a desperately needed *community-controlled* operation—was denied as being "too controversial."

A program of giving black control to parishes in black neighborhoods was documented in Brooklyn more than nine years ago. Today, if a relatively young (20 years ordained!) white priest were appointed pastor of a black parish, this would be considered a major break-through. Officials have not even begun to think of a black married clergy—the only sane solution.

The point is, the plausibility of the Church's inner city life becomes that much more unbelievable when self-determination is seen as "too controversial." The symbols and publicity of prayer services are no longer sufficient to quell the rising voice of discontent. The poor will no longer grow up in the Church's "box," even as the box gets bigger and more amply funded. The sign of hope is that these structures are dying, the plea is that they will be allowed to expire—that "battle fatigue" will not be the explanation. The proof will be that the light will shine, and the bushel basket burn.

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PURGE AT NAACP

Publish and perish

MELVIN L. WULF

The summary dismissal of Lewis Steel from the NAACP legal staff, and the subsequent resignation of the entire legal staff including its distinguished General Counsel, Robert L. Carter, is a critical event in the civil rights movement. It seriously impairs the legal challenge to racial discrimination and segregation, it is a major retreat by the NAACP from aggressive pursuit of racial equality, it is a startling example of black middle-class timidity, and it is a major offense against intellectual freedom.

Steel was fired the day after *The New York Times Magazine* published his article which charged that the Supreme Court "has not departed from the American tradition of treating Negroes as second-class citizens." The heart of the article was that, beginning with its 1955 opinion implementing the School Desegregation decision, the Supreme Court has equivocated at every turn and that in the past three years particularly—the period coinciding with white reaction against the growth of militant black protest—the Court, in case after case, abandoned Negro rights to the capricious hands of local officials.

There is of course some truth to what Mr. Steel said. There have indeed been a series of decisions which seriously disappointed the expectations of those who, in the absence of Executive action, had come to rely upon the Court as the Negro's best friend. But at the very worst, Steel's thesis is only dubious. At best it is a provocative declaration that the Emperor wears no clothes, and is tarnished only by its innocent belief that the Court could resolve America's racial conflict all by itself.

But whether Steel was right or wrong is quite beside the point. To have fired Steel for publishing the article tells more about the quality of NAACP leadership then it does about the quality of Steel's scholarship.

The reasons given publicly by the NAACP for Steel's discharge were that his article was "an indefensible rejection of much of the Association's major effort over the past 60 years and of the commitment and sacrifice of countless individuals to that effort," and that contrary to Steel's general thesis, the Court's decision merited "the high praise accorded them by Civil rights leaders and other liberals." Of course no one likes to believe he is being told, even inferentially, that his life's work has been in vain, but aside from the fact that one has to have a vivid imagination to draw that conclusion from the article, the real explanation for the hatchet job lies elsewhere.

In all likelihood, Roy Wilkins' statement in a letter to Carter accepting his resignation is probably more to the point. He said, "Of late years differences have developed [between Wilkins and Carter] and the legal efforts have not been as closely coordinated with the aims of the membership as in former years." What Wilkins meant to say was that the legal staff disagreed with the pace at which the NAACP was pursuing its objectives and that its impatience with that pace was reflected in some of the lawsuits filed under Carter's leadership. A notable example is the suit filed in August 1967 after the Newark riots which was designed to impose severe restraints on the Newark police by putting them under the direct control of the federal courts. Though that suit was never calculated to have a good chance of success, it was an effective way to demonstrate the hatefulness felt, with good reason, towards the police by Newark's Negroes.

Whether or not Steel's dismissal was intended to provoke a confrontation with Carter—and the way it was done certainly suggests it was—the NAACP leadership welcomed the resignation of the entire staff as an opportunity to rid itself of a corps of dissidents which had successfully been distracting attention from the Association's more conciliatory methods, more conservative objects, and less tangible efforts. Thus the NAACP board as well as Wilkins were glad to see Carter go and their relief wasn't going to be spoiled just because it meant dismantling their whole legal apparatus.

That Carter, who had put together a valuable litigation program including a concentrated attack on Northern de facto segregation in schools and housing, should be thought of as overzealous is rather hard to believe. There is nothing less zealous than a serious lawsuit. To accept responsibility for trying to rescue America from its racist habits through the state's own judicial machinery, is to accept the possibility that the nation is yet capable of reforming itself. I might understand the Association's treatment of Steel and Carter if they had publicly disowned litigation as a way to change America and had decided that only guerrilla warfare could do the job. But is there anything less zealous than spending your life as a lawyer patiently chipping away at injustice? Steel and Carter are overzealous only compared to a Wall Street

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lawyer who spends his life picking over the details of new stock issues to make sure they will satisfy the Securities and Exchange Act.

Unfortunately, the messy affair is only an extension of the NAACP's strategy over the past few years. That strategy, designed more to win favor with white liberals than to make swift and tangible changes on behalf of America's 20,000,000 Negroes, is to ruthlessly attack all manifestations of "extremism."

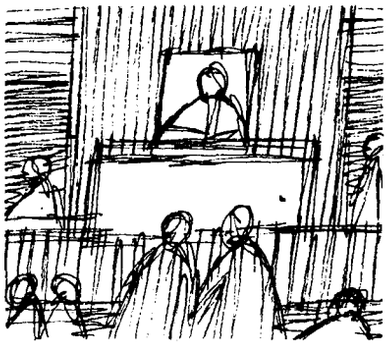
After several decades of a virtual civil rights monopoly, the NAACP over the past decade found itself increasingly threatened by the birth of organizations representing a new militancy within the Negro community. The Southern Christian Leadership Conference, CORE, and SNCC, to say nothing of the Black Panthers, all outflanked the NAACP on the left and represented millions of voices which were never heard within the conservative ranks of the NAACP's essentially black bourgeois governing bodies.

As the civil rights movement escalated in the South, as it passed the peak of activity in Mississippi in the summer of 1964, and right up to the present, there were continual verbal battles between Wilkins and the more militant groups on the left. The charges were stereotyped: Wilkins would charge that the others were trying to go too far too fast, and the NAACP would be charged with going hardly anywhere at all and with being too intimately connected with the white liberal establishment. Indeed, these charges were increasingly heard within the NAACP itself, and just last summer at its annual meeting, a large section of the Association walked out of the organization in despair at ever getting it off dead center.

It was at that meeting where Wilkins in effect threw Gene McCarthy out of the meeting hall where he had appeared to greet the delegates. Not coincidentally, Steel was an enthusiastic McCarthy supporter, and some say that the real reason he was fired was because the NAACP leadership saw his *Times* article as a plot to discredit Humphrey's campaign. Wilkins himself gives some credence to this interpretation. In a memorandum written after Steel was fired, Wilkins said that "the board members noted, also, that the article had been published within the last three weeks of the Presidential election campaign and that the Supreme Court and Chief Justice Warren had been factors in that campaign."

The implication behind this interpretation of events is that the NAACP had a very close relationship with the Administration and hoped that it would continue with Humphrey in the White House. In fact, the NAACP has not been heard to mutter a word against the Johnson Administration. One of the most abrasive elements of the battle between the NAACP and the other civil rights groups was their disagreement about the relevancy of the Vietnam war to domestic civil rights issues. Wilkins professed to see no relationship.

I cannot resist a personal observation. In supporting his view that Steel's article was "public advocacy of views different from that of his organization," Roy Wilkins said in a memorandum to his Board of Directors that "there would be an analogous situation in the admittedly unlikely event that a ranking official of the American Civil Liberties Union were to publish an article denouncing the Supreme Court for rulings (Miranda, Escobedo, etc.) that allegedly impeded law enforcement." Speaking for myself, I regret that Mr. Wilkins has such an unflattering view of the ACLU. For example, I hold serious doubts about the ACLU's rigid position on the separation of church and state and was not especially displeased with the recent Supreme Court decision, in a case brought by



the Civil Liberties Union, upholding the New York statute allowing state funds to be used to supply textbooks to parochial school students. Should I ever work up the energy to publish an article criticizing that ACLU position, I don't really think I would be fired. If, however, I should ever repudiate the entire foundation of the ACLU's existence by adopting Herbert Marcuse's curious views on freedom of speech, I would like to think I would quit before my Board began to debate whether or not to fire me. The equivalent within the NAACP would have been for Steel to repudiate the egalitarian goals of the NAACP. But the central thesis of his *Times* article was that it was the Supreme Court which had repudiated those goals, not himself. What Wilkins is really saying, I'm afraid, is that any NAACP staff member who wants to keep his job had better not try to puncture any of the mythology upon which the Association and its white liberal allies rely so heavily.

The inevitable result of this hapless affair will be to slow down the NAACP even more in its pursuit of its stated goals. Any lawyer now willing to be employed by the NAACP, assuming that any self-respecting lawyers can be found to replace Carter and his staff, will necessarily be a perfect reflection of the Association's too conservative leadership.

The final irony of the whole situation is that all the members of the Supreme Court, the supposed victims of Steel's acerbic article, are probably as astonished as I am that Steel was fired for expressing the views he did. I'll go further. The Court probably agrees with him, if only by a very close vote.

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CATHOLIC HOSPITALS, LIFE OR DEATH?

The pains and opportunities of secularization

W. DAVID GARDNER

Like many Catholic hospitals, the 270-bed DeGoesbriand in Burlington, Vermont, is a testimonial to fiscal and medical inefficiency. For years it engaged in costly, insane rivalry with the 320-bed Mary Fletcher Hospital, located just two blocks away. Each has had its own emergency room, deep cobalt machine, business office and clinical departments. But one day in 1966, Bishop Robert F. Joyce of Burlington approved a merger of the two institutions to form the Medical Center Hospital of Vermont. Under the new arrangement, the Religious Hospitalers of St. Joseph continue to operate the DeGoesbriand unit. It will take years for the merger to be fully effective, but the program is proceeding smoothly; eventually a great deal of the duplication and competitiveness that existed between the two hospitals will be eliminated.

DeGoesbriand is, therefore, not only a relic of the past mistakes of Catholic hospitals; it is also an augur of the course many of them may take in the future. Indeed, the Burlington merger makes such good sense that it is a wonder more of the country's 800 Catholic hospitals don't do the same thing. One reason is that not all Caholic hospitals are in dioceses with progressive bishops like Bishop Joyce. Aiso, the merger received a strong assist from the University of Vermont College of Medicine, which is near both hospitals and over the years has developed strong medical ties with them. Most important, however, was the financial pressure, particularly on DeGoesbriand. The American Hospital Association reported recently that the average increase in hospital costs in 1967 over 1966 was 15.4 percent. Most hospital and public health agencies predict that that rate will continue over the next few years. Another impetus to Catholic hospitals to change has been Medicare and Medicaid, with their subsequent increased government involvement in hospital care.

In a sense, American Catholic hospitals (there are more than 800 of them) are more secular than Catholic. About 95 percent of their revenue comes from non-church sources and more than 50 percent of their patients, doctors and employees are not Catholic. Yet, at the latest count in February, 1967, nearly 90 percent were owned outright by religious communities and another four percent by dioceses. Less than one-third have any lay representation on their ruling boards. Most have lay advisory boards, but they are generally harmless bodies, rubber-stamping the decisions of the administration. Membership is an honorary affair that usually goes to politicians and big contributors. The operating power remains in the hands of the sisters (although the medical care itself is controlled by the physicians), and they have been reluctant to relinquish authority over "their" hospitals.

Of the 846 Catholic hospitals listed in the last census, 285 were the only general medical facility in their communities. Obviously, it would be impossible to merge or close down any of them. That does not mean, however, that they could not be subject to wider community control or, for that matter, that they could not be turned over to community authority outright.

But what happens when a Catholic hospital can secularize and decides to do so? St. Luke's Hospital in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, provides an interesting example. There are three hospitals in Pittsfield—St. Luke's with 130 beds, Pittsfield General with 285 beds, and Hillcrest with 140 beds. In combination, the three were providing disorganized care, with the usual duplication of services. Once again, the real pressure for change was financial. Bishop Christopher J. Weldon of Springfield appointed five laymen to study the situation and they proposed that the community's three hospitals merge. If the impetus to merge had come from either of the two non-Catholic hospitals, the proposal probably would have gotten nowhere. Even as it was, many in the Catholic community viewed the idea as a Protestant takeover of St. Luke's. Nevertheless, the merger was approved by St. Luke's and Pittsfield General and called the Berkshire Medical Center. (Hillcrest rejected the merger.)

The first step was to close down the maternity ward at St. Luke's and merge it with the one at Pittsfield General; both wards had been sustaining heavy financial losses. There was strong initial resistance to the move among Catholics, but the merger of the maternity wards worked out well. Obstetricians no longer have to dash back and forth between the two, and there is usually at least one nun on duty in the ward each day, who represents continuity to the Catholic patients. In addition, the soaring cost of maternity care has been trimmed substantially.

The merging of the business offices, fund-raising campaigns and various clinical departments is providing ob-

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vious across-the-board savings. But more important, it is providing better care now and opening the way to improved care in the future. Equipment normally beyond the budget of either hospital acting alone can be purchased by the two together. And, as facilities improve, a higher caliber of physician, nurse and technician will be attracted to work at the Center.

Except that a Catholic hospital was involved, there is nothing unusual about the St. Luke's decision to unite with Pittsfield General. Mergers are fairly common among voluntary community hospitals and there are likely to be more of them as regional hospital planning boards acquire more power and allow for more community participation in their decisions.

There are, however, special forces at work that undoubtedly will propel the secularization of Catholic hospitals. A legal precedent of sorts was set in 1966 when the Maryland Court of Appeals ruled that sectarian hospitals are actually "non-sectarian" in acceptance and treatment of patients. The ruling made Catholic hospitals eligible to receive loans form the state of Maryland. Even now, Catholic hospitals receive substantial funding from state and federal governments and, as the governmental role in hospital care increases, the flow of government funds will undoubtedly increase. Problems on the church-state issue can be headed off if Catholic hospitals have strong lay representation (including non-Catholics) on their governing bodies.

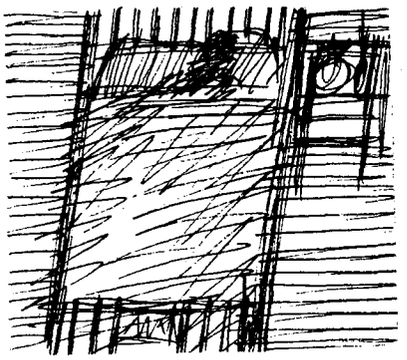
The Changed Times

Today most of the original reasons for starting Catholic hospitals have disappeared. Many began as orphanages or homes for unwed mothers and evolved gradually into hospitals. Others were formed in communities during the days when Catholics were discriminated against and couldn't get medical care elsewhere. Still others, especially those between the Alleghenies and the Rockies, were started with missionary motives; then and now, the majority of their patients are non-Catholics.

The role of the nursing sister has changed, too. Once, sisters were able to run an entire hospital. Their contact with the patients and their families was personal. But today, the modern American hospital is a vast impersonal behemoth. The chief victims are the patients, but the nuns are victims, too.

Both the patients and the sisters have been caught in an unfortunate paradox. The number of employees in all hospitals has soared, from about 1½ employees for every patient 20 years ago, to more than 2½ employees for every patient today. Although the new workers have improved hospital care, their services to the patient have been indirect. They work in the laboratories, in the pharmacies, in the business office. Yet there are severe shortages of doctors and nurses for direct patient care. Similarly, most of the sisters have been moved into administrative positions, which frustrates their original desire to nurse the sick. They are still serving the sick, of course, but it is sometimes difficult for a nun to see this if she is running the admitting office or supervising the cafeteria. In addition, there is a shortage of nuns and a decline in vocations.

Something of a myth has emerged that the nuns could be on the way out of the Catholic hospital picture. To the contrary, they seem to receive a new vigor from the challenge of mergers. That, at any rate, has been the experi-



ence to date in Burlington and Pittsfield. And in Cincinnati, the Franciscan sisters have agreed to operate a new $17.5 million hospital leased to them by Hamilton County. There is no reason why there can't be more Cincinnati-style programs, with the secular community developing health-care facilities and programs to be operated by nuns.

There is a tremendous potential for the religious and others who work in Catholic hospitals. There is certainly missionary work available in the nation's urban slums and rural poverty areas. Because the American Medical Association and other segments of the medical establishment have promoted a widespread suspicion of government involvement in health matters, the government is frequently prevented from giving as much help as it might. In state after state, for example, the Medicaid program has been vilified and attacked as the precursor of "socialized medicine." The attacks have been effective. Although Medicaid has already been responsible for a large percentage of poor people being seen by doctors for the first time in their lives, many Medicaid programs are being cut back and several states refuse even to introduce them.

It is precisely at this point that the nuns could be most useful. Where government and those in the private health sector cannot move effectively, the nuns could. Most cities and towns would find it easier to take over a Catholic hospital than they would to provide decent medical care for those who aren't getting it. This would free Catholic personnel for work in the areas where they are most needed. Once before the nuns and the Catholic Church were able to move quickly to fill large gaps in the American health care system when the government and the community could not. Is there any reason why they can't do it again?

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FACES IN A CROWD

THE SCREEN

It is unfortunate that the studios choose the twelfth month to release so many of their new pictures. They must think that movie-goers have nothing better to do than run to theaters and that reviewers have time and space to give full justice to their products, especially the more worthy ones. Alas, it is not so. So here is a run-down of some films now on our screens, all of which have to do with human behavior in the woe-laden world we have made. Best and most honest of the lot is "Faces," which describes the dissolution of a 14-year-old marriage of two people who are no longer in love and no longer young.

In portraying a segment of well-heeled, middle-class American society, "Faces" shows us far more than the wandering, business-executive husband and the dissatisfied, homebody wife. Director-scriptwriter John Cassavetes, greatly aided by photographer Al Ruban whose hand-held camera is so revealing, shows us the call-girl and the two men she is entertaining with another prostitute when the husband drops in and stays for the night. "Faces" also shows the male hustler, a sort of footloose hippie type, whom the wife and three of her "girl" friends pick up in a bar and take home to the wife's house where *he* spends the night. What makes "Faces" such an unusual picture is not just its break-up-of-a-marriage theme, which has been done before, but its realistic portrait of the way people behave: the inability of the husband and wife to communicate; the call-girl's customers trying so hard to prove their maleness; the frustrated women pawing the hippie who sees through them; and everyone, along with drinking, straining to make jokes and laugh and laugh to cover up the emptiness of his or her life.

The dialogue Cassevetes wrote for these characters gets pretty gamey at times, but it has an authentic ring; and his entire cast handle it well. This cast is outstanding, not only John Marley and Lynn Carlin as the husband and wife, and Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel as the call-girl and hippie, but also those in smaller roles. I wish photographer Al Ruban, who also served as one of the editors, had done a little more judicious cutting. The first drunk scene in Gena's house runs far too long and gets to be a bore—nothing is duller than drunks who aren't half as funny as they think they are. However the next scene with the husband and wife is a gem. "Faces" has so many of these character-revealing scenes that the viewer feels he's prying and begins to wonder which is the real face and which the mask—and if he too is wearing a mask.

Don't expect any such depth or realism in "The Impossible Years," which is based on the long-running stage play about the psychiatrist whose teenage daughters present problems that are well beyond him. The movie, directed by Michael Gordon, is so old-fashioned in its style and corny jokes and situations that it seems incredible that it could be made in 1968. David Niven and Lola Albright are likable enough as the parents, but the girls are such brats and the various boys floating around are so silly that the whole thing gets quite tiresome long before its stream of clichés runs out. Youngsters will probably find "The Impossible Years" as impossible as their elders find it.

It is to be hoped that young people will see "The Touchables" for what it is: a long and dull study in decadence that's supposed to be hilariously funny. Its main plot, accompanied by side issues of homosexuality and sadism and other psychological quirks, concerns four girls who kidnap a rock-and-roll singer and take him to their country house where they use him for their own pleasure after tying him in a large circular bed. Maybe the film is meant to be a satire on modern mores as portrayed in other films. But whatever it's getting at, it flops. The country house, by the way, is an enormous plastic bubble which the girls call their pleasure dome. You know: "In Xanadu did Kubla Khan . . ." Coleridge would turn over.

I don't suppose George Feydeau would turn over if he'd seen what the movies have done with his farce, "A Flea in Her Ear." After all, his "Hotel Paradiso" was turned into a mess a couple of years ago—even with a good cast led by Alec Guinness and Gina Lollobrigida. "Flea" has a fine cast too—with Rex Harrison, Rosemary Harris, Louis Jourdan, Rachel Roberts, and other worthies. But it doesn't work either. Sooner or later movie makers must learn that Feydeau's racy plays, in which the plots consist mainly in running in and out of bedrooms, belong on the stage and not in cinema. This "Flea" doesn't have any bite at all.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

OUT FOR MUNCH

RECORDS

Though it is the performances I heard Colin Davis produce with the New York Philharmonic in the concert hall recently that provided the conclusive evidence of his outstanding stature as conductor and musician—of the fact, actually, that he is the finest conductor-musician the Philharmonic has played under since Cantelli—there has been impressive evidence of his powers in the performances on records the past few years. And a Victrola stereo record now offers beautiful performances of two Mozart symphonies—the exquisite early K.201, and

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one of the great last three, K.543, which pierces the heart as it ravishes the ear—with an excellent orchestra identified as the Sinfonia of London. They are reproduced much better than Davis' earlier ones of these works on Philips records; but the bass, though clear, can be given more solidity with the bass control.

The performance of *Don Carlo* conducted by young Claudio Abbado that I heard at the Metropolitan also provided confirmation of the impressive gifts that were evident in his recorded performance of Beethoven's Seventh two years ago and are evident again in a performance of Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 2 with the New Philharmonia on a Deutsche Grammophon stereo record. This early work not only is made attractive by the Ukrainian folk melodies Tchaikovsky uses, but exhibits the skill, the imagination, the taste, the command of his medium with which Tchaikovsky operated already at this early date.

Another gifted young conductor, Seiji Ozawa, produces with the Chicago Symphony, on a Victor stereo record, an effective performance of one of the twentieth-century classics, Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du Printemps*. But Stravinsky's own performances of his works have a tension and power that no one else seems able to give them; and his *Sacre* is the one to acquire.

To the existing excellent performances of Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique* by Davis and Argenta (Munch's and Bernstein's are performances to avoid) Pierre Boulez adds another with the London Symphony that is even clearer in texture. But with it, on the two CBS stereo records, one must take its sequel, the lyrical monodrama *Lélio (The Return to Life),* which Berlioz, for personal reasons, considered the symphony's necessary "conclusion and complement," but which I find uninteresting and dispensable.

One rarely hears Schubert's Octet Op. 166 for strings and winds, though it has the flow of lovely melody and the wonderful harmonic writing of his maturity. And so one is grateful for the Angel stereo record on which the work is performed beautifully by the Melos Ensemble, with the prominent clarinet part played by the marvelous Gervase de Peyer.

The great bass Alexander Kipnis, who sang at the Metropolitan in the early '40s after a long career in Europe and Chicago, can be heard on a Seraphim mono record in operatic excerpts that he recorded in 1930 and 1931. His voice is richly sonorous in a superbly eloquent *"Il lacerato spirito"* from *Simon Boccanegra* (in Italian), and in Sarastro's arias from *The Magic Flute* and Pogner's Address from *Die Meistersinger*; and he manages to give humorous bite to *"La vendetta"* from *Figaro* and *"La calunnia"* from *The Barber of Seville* in spite of the awkward German words; but that bite is lacking in Osmin's aria from *The Seraglio*. The reverse side has, in addition to Brahms's Four Serious Songs (too Brahmsian and serious for me), excellent performances of Schubert's *Der Erlkönig* and Wolf's *Alles endet, was entstehet*. A German will be aware that the German words are being sung by someone born in Russia.

As for operatic performances of today, Victor stereo records offer Mozart's *Così Fan Tutte* with Leontyne Price, whose singing is beautiful and musically effective much of the time, but lacks the required proclamatory power in *"Come scoglio,"* the grandeur it should have in *"Per pietà"*; and in *"Per pietà"* her voice sounds worn at times. The tenor voice of George Shirley has to strain for the upper notes that are less attractive than the lower ones; and the mezzo-soprano of Tatiana Troyanos is a little harsh. But the singing of the baritone Sherrill Milnes and the bass Ezio Flagello is excellent; and the soprano Judith Raskin also sings well. Leinsdorf's pacing of the performance with the New Philharmonia is good. But the best modern performance was the one conducted by von Karajan on Angel 3522 (mono) that may still be available on French Columbia FLX-484/6.

Angel stereo records offer a good performance of Verdi's *Rigoletto* with Cornell MacNeil, Reri Grist and Nicolai Gedda, conducted by Molinari-Pradelli. But I suggest instead the better performance on earlier Angel mono records with Gobbi, Callas and Di Stefano.

Vanguard has reissued on a low-priced Everyman stereo record the performance of Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas* conducted effectively by Alfred Deller, with Mary Thomas and other good English soloists. And reissued on another Everyman record is the admirable performance conducted by Michael Tippett of Purcell's fine *Ode to St. Cecilia's Day,* which is characteristic in its bold harmonic progressions and in the florid vocal writing that Purcell makes so exciting. Since this record offers pseudo-stereo sound, I mention that the sound is excellent.

And finally the superb vocal and instrumental writing in Handel's *Solomon*—previously known to us as Beecham abridged, rearranged and reorchestrated it in the performance he recorded ten years ago—is now to be heard in its original state, except for a few cuts, on Victor stereo records. It is sung well by John Shirley-Quirk, Alexander Young, Saramae Endich, Patricia Brooks and the Vienna Jeunesse Chorus, played well by the Vienna Volksoper Orchestra, and paced satisfactorily by Stephen Simon.

B. H. HAGGIN

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SISTER M. SIMPLICIA, I.H.M.

MILK WEED IN DECEMBER

Ghosts
of meadow lark
stir on dry
stalks of
summer memory.

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OH, THAT HENNY YOUNGMAN

THE STAGE

There are days when I long for the irrelevant theater—or, at least, for the theater that lets me find my own relevancies. Within a single week in late November I saw the Living Theatre *Antigone* and a student *Electra,* smothered in the Beck-Schechner bag. In both cases, I expected to have the contemporary significance of those decrepit Greeks, Sophocles and Euripides, forced down my throat; so I was not surprised although I was not enlightened. Yet, it was something of a shock—particularly for a man who carries around a ten-year-old memory of how exciting *The Play of Daniel* was when it was first performed in New York—to discover that the New York Pro Musica has added an intrusive narration to *The Play of Herod.* There, as one might have expected of a play made of two twelfth-century musical dramas, is straightforward telling of the Biblical story, sophisticated in its simplicity, and, as one expects of the Pro Musica, beautifully sung, carefully staged, handsomely dressed. There, too, is an actor in contemporary black bounding in to whisper, "This is a moment of silence in the play," and then destroying that silence with his busy mouth. Archibald MacLeish, who wrote the narration, insists in a program note that his interpretation is "not *out* of the myth but *into* it compelling the audience *really* to see and hear what they have heard and seen so often they take it for granted, no longer understanding that it *means what it says.*" A cold conning we had of it. Anyone who needs a MacLeish to explain the implication of the slaughter of the innocents, to burden the theatrical fact with chatter of power and distant battlefields, is probably impervious to theatrical experience and needs to be persuaded by MacLeish or shouted at by the Becks. I suspect, however, that there are fewer such creatures than the distrusters of Sophocles and the masters of Fleury think there are. *(At the Church of St. Mary the Virgin)*

I am not a purist; when Shakespeare is cut, I do not bleed. I know that every classic revival has to (or should) make its own discovery about the play, and that discovery—unless the revival is simply antiquarian exercise—is likely to be contemporary. The greatest of such productions are those in which a performance or a total ensemble really do what MacLeish wants to do—make us see and hear what has always been there, half-seen, half-heard. I am not convinced that that is best done by imposing fashionable performance practices on recalcitrant material, by dressing or undressing actors in a particular way, by re-setting the work in another time, by adding explanation as subtle as P. T. Bridgeport's pointing finger in *Pogo,* by pushing to obvious extremes material that has already done its job in the original. Too often, these are not so much revivals as monsters, pieced together from dismembered works and asked to walk the stage in a simulation of life.

It is my distaste for such productions that makes the *King Lear* at the Lincoln Center seem attractive. There are no new revelations, no unbearably startling moments, but neither is there pushy "relevance" to come between the audience and the play. I cannot remember when I have seen a Shakespeare production with an audience that seemed so absorbed in the words, the action, the play, reaching out toward it, rather than having it thrust at them. If the wall between performer and audience is to be breached, that's the direction I'd prefer to go.

Yet, ideally, the performance should be more than a conduit. It should create the play, not simply carry it, and there lies the weakness of the Lincoln Center production. Sometimes for a line or two, Lee J. Cobb (as Lear), Stacy Keach (as Edmund), Rene Auberjonois (as Fool) rise above the workmanlike quality of the production (best characterized by Philip Bosco's efficient Kent) and send out waves of possibility, of suggestion. Yet the readings in those instances never emerge from a full character or a total scene. Cobb's Lear comes on as a very tired old man, hardly able to sit up in his throne, but it is almost impossible to get from him to the aged king outfacing the storm. It is Shakespeare, not Cobb, that gets us there, provides the connectives for a Lear who seems new-made for each scene.

It is much easier to trot out the defects of the production than it is to celebrate virtues that are largely negative. Cobb, who is most effective in the small scenes, is lost on the heath, swallowed in the storm. Gerald Freedman, the director, who kept his Prince Hal pointlessly busy in last summer's Central Park *Henry IV,* overmanipulates the actors in the mock trial in the hut and obscures the force of that scene. As usual, the Lincoln Center is having an actress problem and King Lear's daughters come across as girls trying to play Shakespeare rather than the thankless children they need to be. Someday there will be a *King Lear* with a charming Goneril and Regan—as someday there will be a charming Hedda Gabler—and the whole play will take on a context of reality so often denied on stage. Talk about relevance. Surely show-business feuds should have taught a generation of directors and performers what Hamlet knew, "That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain."

So, I watched *King Lear* as I do most Shakespeare productions, asking why such a costume was chosen, why an actor was moved to that corner of the stage, where such a reading came from, what happened to the physical distance between those two characters, but finally I quit asking, let the misconceptions lay where they fell, and accepted the play. It is not the *Lear* I want to see, and it is certainly not a *Lear* that forces me to see, and it is a *Lear* that permits me to see. That, after all, is something.

GERALD WEALES

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BOOKS

The mirror on the White House wall

The President's Men

PATRICK ANDERSON

Doubleday, $6.95

MARC K. LANDY

It is a rule of thumb among domestic and private eyes that those things which people throw away as garbage are excellent indicators of their character and way of life. Patrick Anderson has applied a similar technique to the study of presidential leadership, and his rummaging has borne fine fruit. *The President's Men,* a study of the White House assistants of Presidents Roosevelt, Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, and Johnson is more importantly an analysis of the president's personal pantry: what he keeps, and what is thrown out with the trash.

Anderson provides us with short, skillfully drawn sketches of the key aides for each of the last five presidents. These men, supposedly "cloaked in anonymity," are commonly portrayed as either unscrupulous manipulators (Harry Hopkins, Clark Clifford) or grafters (Sherman Adams, Bobby Baker). Anderson persuasively demonstrates that deep personal loyalties and dedication to a vision of the public good are equally important components of the character of most presidential aides. This book is well worth reading for its vivid depiction of these ambitious, often dedicated men. Its real merit, however, comes from the light it sheds upon their employers.

In choosing, organizing, and disposing of the White House staff, the president has a freedom to indulge his personal fancy that exists in no other sphere of his decision-making. The Constitution makes no mention of a staff for the president. There are no clear-cut legislative guidelines governing its organization and functioning. Appointments to the White House staff are made without congressional scrutiny. The relative anonymity of the job allows the president to choose men who possess the sort of political liabilities that would bar them from offices more squarely in the public eye. The president may choose his aides based purely on his own assessment of their ability or simply because he likes having them around. He may have them do almost anything from arranging his travel schedule to serving as (*de facto*) Secretary of State. The personality and style of action of the White House staff may therefore be a more accurate indicator of the character of the president than anything he himself says or does.

The president is expected to be both monarch and ward boss. He is supposed to provide the country with a symbol of national unity and to get things done. Roosevelt's combination of patrician breeding and training in the political wars of New York state gave him splendid preparation for the job of president. He understood that no matter how bitter the struggles involved in the implementation of his program became, the president himself must always preserve an image of magisterial calm, a monarch preserving the unity of the nation from the strife caused by mere politicians. He was always careful (at least until the fight over the Court) not to become too personally identified with any specific program sponsored by his administration. We shall label this bit of political wisdom, "Roosevelt's First Maxim." Unlike later presidents his staff did not have a dominant geographical or ideological caste. They were chosen strictly on the basis of their ability to perform specific services for him. This can be dubbed as "Roosevelt's Second Maxim." He sought to have each of his aides identified with a particular policy. In the eyes of the public, the names Tugwell, Corcoran and Hopkins became virtually synonymous with rural rehabilitation, party realignment and relief, respectively. The first two policies drew strong congressional and public opposition. Tugwell and Corcoran found themselves unemployed. Relief was a success. Hopkins stayed.

Truman lacked Roosevelt's breeding, Eisenhower his training. Both sought to compensate for their defects not by creating a staff that possessed the qualities that they themselves lacked, but rather by surrounding themselves with aides who shared their own perspective. Eisenhower and Truman considered certain of their aides to be indispensable and they both had to pay a heavy price for the political indiscretions of those men. Roosevelt understood the dangers inherent in such manifestations of loyalty. They reduce the stature of the president to that of a mere person, a man who is subject to the need for affection and security just like the rest of us. It was the tragedy of the two later presidents that their private virtues became telescoped into public vices.

The press would not forgive Truman for his blunt Missouri ways. Other presidents had confidants, Truman had cronies. The press's vilification of his cronies served to intensify Truman's loyalty to them. When Roosevelt's aides were attacked by the press, it was properly interpreted as an attack upon his policies. It is relatively easy for a president to change his policies. When the press attacked the "Missouri gang" they were really attacking Truman's character. That is not so easy to change. In comparing the Roosevelt and Truman presidencies, Harry Vaughn, the most prominent of the "Missouri gang" said, "After a diet of caviar, you like to get back to ham and eggs." When Vaughn came under congressional investigation on charges of bribery, Truman told him, "You go there and tell them to go to hell. They're just trying to use you to get to me. We came in here together, and God damn it, we're going out together." Vaughn's political

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skills were limited and he probably was a crook, but Truman recognized that it was Vaughn's "ham and eggs" qualities that had gotten him into trouble (Vaughn once referred to Churchill as a "garrulous old man") and for that reason alone Truman was compelled to stand by him.

Eisenhower had been a staff general and he organized his aides to serve as a general staff. Their job was to absorb information and provide him with clear-cut alternatives. His job was to make decisions. He could not question the judgments made by his aides, for to do so would have been inefficient (Eisenhower was the only modern president to believe that effective government was somehow tied up with the question of efficiency). Eisenhower responded to demands that he fire Sherman Adams by stating, "I need him." Presidents are not supposed to *need* anyone. Like Truman, Eisenhower was willing to lose face with the public in order to maintain a particular self-conception of his office.

Kennedy's was the most personal of presidencies. He sought to involve himself in all aspects of policy-making and administration. His tenure had the aura of a commando raid rather than a general staff. He sought to overcome bureaucratic and congressional opposition rather than deal with it. Like a good guerrilla leader (but not necessarily like a good president) he was intimately involved in all aspects of the war effort. Although his staff was the most publicized in recent history, it may have been the least powerful. Because of Kennedy's deep mistrust of the formal channels of government, his aides were given many responsibilities. But since it was his preference to intervene directly in every important struggle over policy, it is difficult to tell how much responsibility his staff actually exercised. Although his close identification with specific policies was in clear violation of "Roosevelt's First Maxim," it does not appear to have diminished his popularity with the public. It is interesting to note however that of all modern Democratic presidential administrations, Kennedy's resulted in the smallest amount of positive legislation.

Roosevelt fired capable aides. Truman retained incompetent ones. Only the Johnson administration, of those analyzed in this book, appears to have had an embarrassing number of top aides quit on it. Like so many other aspects of the Johnson administration, the morale and effectiveness of his personal staff has been destroyed by the war in Vietnam. Foreign policy does not have the same pragmatic, experimental flavor as domestic policy. When a man believes that he is defending the national security, it is very difficult for him to distinguish criticism (even of a strictly private character) of his policies from attack on his person. Even though Johnson realized that in order to maintain maximum flexibility and credit with the public it was necessary to keep doves in important policy making positions (Moyers was given an important role in foreign policy formulation precisely because he was a dove), he could not keep from feeling that those who were privately critical of the war were doing a disservice both to him and to the country. Such men were deprived not of their jobs but rather of their influence with the president, without which a presidential aide is little more than a prominent errand boy. Although Johnson's problem with his aides was quite different from that faced by Truman or Eisenhower, the efficacy of all three administrations suffered because the president found it necessary to assess his aides according to criteria other than the degree of service that they could render him (a clear violation of "Roosevelt's Second Maxim").

The few staff appointments which Mr. Nixon has already made allow us to make some tentative predictions about the nature of his forthcoming presidency. Like Eisenhower, Nixon has gone to the business rather than the political community to recruit his staff. Unlike Eisenhower he has not chosen industrialists or financiers, but rather advertising men and ex-reporters. Whereas Anderson refers to Eisenhower's as the "processed presidency," it might be more accurate to refer to Nixon's as the "public relations presidency." Most of these new aides have no previous governmental experience. Nixon, whose ineptitude as a used car dealer was immortalized by Herblock, will probably charge them with "selling" his administration to the public, while he maintains responsibility for actual policy formulation. His may well be a "personalized" presidency similar to Kennedy's (although it will stretch the imagination somewhat to think of the Nixon White House as "Camelot"). His experience in the Eisenhower administration gives him little reason to place much reliance on presidential aides. His mistrust of Sherman Adams and the role which Adams played (he had much greater access to the president than did Nixon) make it unlikely that any single aide will be in the position of claiming to be the president's "right arm." Nixon has chosen to surround himself with young, previously apolitical men whose reputations derive solely from their ability to sell soap and serve him. One hopes in this case at least that the pantry (it is too early to set out the trash) is not too accurate a reflection of the man.

The Catholic Revolution

DOUGLAS J. ROCHE

McKay, $6.50

PHILIP DEASY

Since the end of Vatican Council II there have been at least sixty-nine books, not to mention countless articles in Catholic periodicals and diocesan papers, all designed for general reader perusal, on the subject of change, crisis and revolution in the Catholic Church. The number sixty-nine was arrived at by counting the books listed in the "selected bibliography" appended to *The Catholic Revolution* and adding one more, *The Catholic Crisis,* recently reviewed in *Commonweal.*

Why then another book, and one entitled, no less, *The Catholic Revolution*? Presumably, Douglas J. Roche, who is now editor of the *Western Catholic Reporter* in Edmonton, Alberta, and formerly associate editor of *Sign* magazine, wanted to keep the reader up to

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date. The sad truth, of course, is that revolutions are notoriously hard to keep up with. Definitive proof of that may be noted in the "Afterword" of two pages that concludes *The Catholic Revolution*. For, alas, just as the book was about to go to press, *Humanae Vitae* appeared. Mr. Roche knowledgeably foresaw that the repercussions to the encyclical would be enormous. He concludes his book with the ringing paragraphed sentence, "The Catholic revlution has taken a critical turn." Does this presage a sequel to *The Catholic Revolution*? Let us devoutly hope not.

In his foreword to the book Donald J. Thorman, publisher of the *National Catholic Reporter*, expresses his conviction that the Holy Spirit is "abroad today . . . as He was in ancient Jerusalem," and that He is "stirring up and unsettling." Anyone so intimately connected as Mr. Thorman with a paper like the *National Catholic Reporter* can speak with authority about "stirring up and unsettling," but whether it's all due to the Holy Spirit is something else again. At any rate it is the unrelenting stirring up and unsettling of these days that so quickly date a book like *The Catholic Revolution*. At this writing the full attention given by the mass media to the Cardinal O'Boyle imbroglio in Washington makes the accounts of the First World Synod of Bishops and of the World Congress for the Lay Apostolate (both were held in October, 1967 and both accounts take up the first two chapters of *The Catholic Revolution*) seem like tales of far-off things and battles long ago. Much of Mr. Roche's book, therefore, is simply old hat, or even old red hat.

With one exception *The Catholic Revolution* follows a predictable pattern. After the two chapters referred to above, there is one on the new experimental liturgy followed by a chapter on ecumenism and one on the increasing evidence of lay power in the Church, particularly through parish councils. The latter chapter also includes a reference to the St. Joan's International Alliance and to the controversial issue of ordaining women to the priesthood. There is the surprising statement that "probably not one woman in a hundred thousand has given any thought to being a priest." What empiric evidence, as Father Greeley might ask, is there for that? Incidentally, names of alliances, associations, secretariats, councils, commissions, institutes, have a way of coming thick and fast in *The Catholic Revolution*. This makes it invaluable as a source book. Where else, for example, would one readily find a reference to the Parish Advisory Council of Richardson, Texas?

There are also in a book of this sort the inevitable chapters on priests and nuns, on Catholic youth and on Catholic education. The chapter on priests begins (surprise) with the story of one Thomas G. Thurber, a fictitious name, who was once in the active ministry as a priest but is now a jail warden earning $13,321 a year, married, and "a happy, contented man." The nun we see in the opening of the following chapter is dressed in a "pale green blouse with matching cardigan" and "her red hair is modishly set." It is the nuns, we're told, who "have so far achieved the greatest success in rebuilding their lives in the spirit of Vatican II." And while priests who are leaving to get married get the bulk of attention these days, Mr. Roche has much to say about the far greater number "actively engaged in developing new ways in which to make their ministry more effective for the people and more meaningful for themselves."

The youth chapter is almost unrelievedly bleak; the one on education the dullest—and most dated. There is a penultimate chapter on "the new theology" which has some remarks about birth control that make Mr. Roche's afterword all the more poignant. The one exception noted above to the book's pattern is a chapter on Bishop Fulton Sheen, who is depicted as "that rare development—a charismatic ecclesiastic" shaking up "the epitome of middle-class America," Rochester, N.Y.

Since in his introduction Mr. Roche repeatedly refers to himself as journalist, a concluding quotation from the Sheen chapter may well serve to illustrate *The Catholic Revolution*'s journalistic style: "The conciliar revolution, launched by Pope John, was brought down to earth and planted in local soil by Fulton Sheen." And when Mr. Roche asked a college senior, "tall, articulate and possessed of precocious omniscience" what he thought of Sheen, the youth replied, "If Sheen were here right now I'd say to him, 'Keep it up, Bish, but if you don't, we'll turn you off.' "

Time Inc.
The Intimate History of a Publishing Enterprise 1923-1941

ROBERT T. ELSON

Atheneum, $10

DAVID CORT

Since this book reflects on about 15 years of my life, I ought to be interested. I am, but not very. For *Time Inc.* (no comma) is not the story of a creative journalistic explosion, originated by Briton Hadden and Henry R. Luce. It is instead an account of strategic and tactical operations culminating in a huge Property, larded with Luce's wordy but opaque memoranda and speeches. These struggling, artless, man-to-man avowals will make Luce appallingly vulnerable to the future unkind biographer, but they accurately project the man and the mind. They also project his virtues, including his repeated concession that he might be completely wrong. The book, in my judgment, was an indiscretion.

For the real story of Time Inc. is fascinating, and never once peeps out of these pages. I once wrote of the Time Inc. of the '20s and '30s, "The editors, writers and researchers were the elite of Time Inc. They had the acknowledged power. . . ." Then, around 1940, came "the transfer of power to the hucksters." (I did not mean that Luce and Larsen were hucksters.) The revolution in the nature of Time Inc. was completely invisible to the writers. It was, in fact, masked.

This history naively and proudly reveals what happened. The instant success of *Life* in 1936, which paradoxically cost the company $5,000,000 before it showed a profit, turned the journalistic

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creation into a wildcat gamble for huge stakes or bust. The resident Napoleons could only survive on advertising rates, mailing schedules, paper supplies, printing improvements, investments, tax positions. The literary side lost all status. By 1940 they had receded to light years away from, say, any possibility of inclusion in Who's Who.

There were other embarrassments to the old writers. A great many new people had to be hired, including some Communists who took over the Newspaper Guild chapter. This quarrel and the Spanish Civil War divided the editorial staff into people who called one another Fascist and Communist, usually erroneously. During this brawl and against the competition of *Life,* we are told that Luce thought that *Time* was deteriorating. But he did not understand why. One reason was that *Time* was affecting a scholastic expertism, a fatal heresy for *Time.* Another was that *Time* continued to disdain *Life*'s belief that since the decisions of war would soon be decided by weapons, weapons were all-important. *Life* had military experts; *Time* did not.

The real story of Time Inc. might be heavy reading and would be very difficult to write, calling for the cooperation of unwilling or inaccessible people, some dead. The story as given was easy to compile from the files, and has Horatio Alger and Establishment values. It is indispensable reading for anyone about to start a great new magazine. But Luce was an unusual man, in his coldness and fairness, toughness and naiveté, boldness and humility, and in his luck. Unlike Hadden, whose death was a sign of Luce's luck, he was short on intuition. He liked facts of course, but he preferred large facts, which do not usually manifest themselves until long later. His premature groping for large facts may be the key flaw in his journalism.

A test of this history is to notice the names in a 1933 masthead which are not listed in the index: Schroeder, Armstrong, Balliett, Hulburd, Hubert Kay, Lydgate, Cecilia Schwind. Kay became the very able first National Affairs editor of *Life.* However, he from the front and Schwind from the back are shown in pictures: two very important people. The present writer, all-departments writer on *Time* and foreign editor on *Life,* 1936-1946, is listed merely as a transfer from *Time* to *Life.*

Whenever, rarely, the actual magazines are quoted, a strange and nearly inscrutable set of biases slants the facts. For example, we are told that the week before Pearl Harbor, the *Life* lead (anonymously) thundered, "The stage was set for war, a distant, dangerous, hard amphibious war for which the American nation was not yet fully prepared." Bold, prescient words. But they are presented as only an echo of a presumably earlier *Time* lead, ". . . every man was at battle stations . . . A bare chance of peace remained . . ." in a quote that omits the weasel, "Every day that passes means that China is stronger, that the Dutch, the British, U.S. possessions are more nearly impregnable." Useless, weasel words. Furthermore, *Life* went to press two days before *Time,* so that, if echo there was, *Time* was croaking a craven echo of *Life.*

Of such is the real story of Time Inc. But this book has a higher errand. From it must, and does, emerge the awesome majesty that passeth understanding, the One Genius. He must be a genius because he died rich. We have therefore a basic textbook for the current journalistic canon that writers are nothing until they are developed or "brought along" by editors, something like Lippizaner horses in dressage. Roger, and over.

It is not enough to say nonsense. The question is what did the top writers actually think of these executive geniuses at that time? A brief scene just after Pearl Harbor (this volume ends with Pearl Harbor) will sufficiently indicate the writers' opinion. A last plane, after the Japanese attack, had left Pearl Harbor with a Time Inc. reporter. He presently was telling the top Time Inc. echelon in John Billings' office how complete the disaster was. Listening, and looking at his superiors, a foreign editor felt obliged to tell them, "This is very dangerous information. I suggest none of us take it out of this room, not even to our wives." Before he could be lynched, he was backed up by Roy Larsen.

Time Inc. as functioning journalism has my admiration and support; Luce's soul or Luce's journalism does not even have my interest, and never had. Still I regret that this book will give ammunition to those who abominate Time Inc. and all its values. Patriotism has not ceased to be a virtue because Luce, or John Wayne, spoke up for it. God is not dead, nor continuity, calm and courage obsolete, for the same reason. This book is a crude and already crumbling monument to the man and his virtues.

God and Caesar are tough masters to serve simultaneously. In the event, Luce gave God the memoranda, Caesar the decision.

The Pump House Gang

TOM WOLFE

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $5.95

The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test

TOM WOLFE

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $5.95

PAUL WEST

For the last half-dozen years this nearly visionary journalist has been remedying an omission perpetuated by Ernest Hemingway, who chose not to write about American popular culture and so deprived himself of abundant materials as well as denying intelligent American readers something they very much needed, and needed, it is now clear, not in the form of fiction. The something is How It Feels To Be this or that contemporary type; not just observation of but penetration into the type's distinctive performances and even into his head. Eyeball invasiveness; the metamorphoses of an inquisitively adaptable personality; the wire-tapping of a thousand individual psyches—call Wolfe's own freewheeling performance what we will—it tells Americans what is going on in such a way that, even at two removes, they feel part of the scene.

Not only that: Wolfe's own dizzy-making pyrotechnical prose style—curt and lissom, hepped-up and contemplative—somehow tells them, even as they are reading him, *how it ought to feel* while they are reading him. Here comes

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the prose, ogling and cavorting and aflash with gorgeous virtuosity, and with it a built-in response-kit; Wolfe *possesses* not only his surfers, fine art tycoons, London dollies, Carol Doda the tit-dancer and Hugh Hefner and Marshall McLuhan and Ken Kesey and the lumpen-dandies and the Mid-Atlantic Man; he takes possession of the reader too, so that you either go along with him in everything, letting him dictate the timbre and duration of even every buzz or whoop emitted (such is the acoustical insistence of his style), or you close the book at once, feeling like Mike Hammer after he inch-lifted the lid of that heavy box containing a nuclear reactor (or whatever it was). Slam shut or (what Wolfe wants) open up wide: woo death with Hemingway or go beyond acid with Ken Kesey. In motive at least, I keep thinking, Wolfe and Hemingway are pretty close.

They both seek to draw us out of ourselves (fitting us out with selves if we haven't any), Hemingway into delicious pastorals and exotic townscapes, Wolfe into the off-beat, the far-out, the extreme, the super, the It: faultless surfing, the biggest known bust, the Hardest Head in the West. They both—as well as specializing in deeds done and poses struck according to a code that is also a life-style—deal in ecstasy in the strict sense of that word, which is 'displacement,' always from where you are to where the weather is somehow more relishable, say the track at Auteil, or to where there is the most putrid-smelling red tide ever, off Manzanillo, say. Except that, really, the weather at Auteil and the red tide off Manzanillo aren't half as potent where they are as in prose reports which, in effect, mobilize us to appreciate any weather and any red tide and quicken us into a best awareness way short of millennary ecstatics but coming under ecstatics all the same, one end manifest in "this *ecstatic* in Columbus, Tom Reiser—the stud who rides a motorcycle with an automobile engine in it—Liberation!" (Wolfe) or (Hemingway) "Linart, the great Belgian champion that they called 'the Sioux' for his profile, dropping his head to suck up cherry brandy . . . when he needed it toward the end as he increased his savage speed."

That's the secular end. At the other (less finite) there is what happens when Ken Kesey and his Merry Pranksters serve up a punch laced with LSD or when a man and a woman together under a blanket feel the earth move. Secular or mystagogical, this is the ecstatics of getting out of oneself, of maximizing each moment, of burning with a gem- or laser-like flame, of not being con-

PAPERBACKS

Destiny of Change. By Kenneth R. Schneider. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $4.50. A lively text on economic development that postulates a continuing decline in the liberal values without which "modernization" is ultimately worthless; Schneider attacks the Adam Smithians who are still in charge of social change, and wonders if it is fair to expect people of the third world to forego traditional modes of life in exchange for what the Marxists used to call "wage slavery."

The Doctrine of Anarchism of Michael A. Bakunin. By Eugene Pyziur. Gateway, $1.95. In a way it is unfortunate that today's most visible anarchists are the nihilists; they give the movement a bad name, so easily besmirched by the media anyhow. So instead of a seedy little man with a bomb in his hand, we have an "Up Against The Wall M...F," and neither is a particularly accurate portrayal of anarchists or anarchism. Pyziur's biography is a detailed investigation of the painful work of this famous anarchist in his groping for a theory of anarchism that incorporated the notion of discipline and authority, yet despised the authority of the state and its apparatuses.

The World of Rock. By John Gabree. Fawcett, $.75. A surprisingly good introduction to this milieu that has turned music upside down in four years. "The world is ready for a mystic revolution, a discovery of the God in each of us," preaches George Harrison. Rock has done just that for both the hip and the straight through the development of long-neglected aspects of human psychology. Rock has become synonymous with communal involvement and personal introspection; it has become revolutionary music, expressive of the mood and concerns of an entire generation.

The Merchant Bankers. By Joseph Wechsberg. Pocket Books, $.95. It isn't the mail, it's the merchant bankers who always get through. This we learn from the personal and fascinating biographies of the great banking elite in Wechsberg's account. How the English bankers, the Barings, financed the Louisiana Purchase for Jefferson—even though France and Britain were again at war. While the book is not researched to help justify Mills' power elite theories, it does in fact just that.

The Enlightenment: an Interpretation. By Peter Gay. Vintage, $2.95. A beautiful work of intellectual history by this country's outstanding historian. Gay explores the ferment, the ideological constructs, the philosophies in a spirit and intensity that makes the entire book a delight; frankly partisan, it is a monument to skeptical inquiry.

The Gale of Laughter. By Peter De Vries. Bantam, $.95. A funny book laced with the puns of a hero whose compulsive clowning leads him into disasters he cannot fathom and cannot see. De Vries is good therapy, quick-witted and melancholically hilarious.

Miami and the Siege of Chicago. By Norman Mailer. Signet, $.95. Mailer's accounts of the two conventions, an extraordinary work, is easily the equal to *Armies of the Night* and represents some of Mailer's best writing. Mailer knows where to look for his story—where everyone isn't, and the result is some of the strongest stuff going.

JONATHAN EISEN

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fined to (although starting from and maybe regaining) prosaic social rigmaroles, of realizing we have one life only, and without guarantees, and had therefore better do all we want while there is time. Neither Hemingway's tight-lipped sensuousness nor Wolfe's near-spastic intensity amounts to anything new; but what is a welcome change is Wolfe's scope over Hemingway's. The one is choosy, omitting most of the trash of living, whereas the other—well, he wolfs it and so achieves an ecumenical lyricism that never reads like a falsification of the world we live in. An open mind denies entry to nothing and can thus arrive at—what *The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby* (national), *The Pump House Gang* (international) and *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* (supranational) add up to—the "Scene individable, or Poem unlimited" of which Polonius incongruously speaks to Hamlet.

Free to observe or ignore the rules (syntactical, punctuational, typographical), Wolfe might easily have gone wrong, manufacturing trendy-looking but tame portraits of orthodox and unorthodox status-seekers. But, as well as logging all the pertinent trivia and working hard his ear for goofy chatter and his lepidopterist's eye for any kandy-kolored tangerine-flake on the move, he also indulges in the gutsy, volcanic joy of writing to please himself. The fun he's had doing it comes through almost always. "What struck me throughout America and England," he writes in one of his less hectic moments, "was that so many people have found such novel ways of . . . *enjoying*, extending their egos way out on the best terms available, namely, their own." Tom Wolfe too, of course; and it's his own epicurean ego that gives all those other egos that extra patina. For what he does is meta-reporting, something creative and inventive which releases a lot of his own static into their ecstatics and demonstrates time and again that imagination (which he has in abundance) wasn't given us to make copies with but to help us masticate actuality (as if the universe were lazily at play with itself).

Of course, what is *is*: Tom Wolfe himself plainly reports that white Norway rats behave consistently under consistent experimental conditions, and there is no place for imagination in describing that behavior. But for what lies "beyond acid"—what Wolfe approaches via "the mental atmosphere or subjective reality" as distinct from the Pranksters' apparatus and paraphernalia, patois and garb—there is only imagination to use and only imagination to judge by (and judging here is guessing, for imaginations do not police other imaginations). So you just have to take or leave drug-induced encounters with "the Management" and Kesey's own discovery that "It's kind of hard, playing cello on a hypodermic needle and using a petrified bat as a bow." The individable scene that includes the convention of counting 1-2-3 also includes imagination the unknown 'x,' not to mention quasars and DNA, curved

Pilgrimage to Understanding

Emmet John Hughes

The distinguished scholar, writer and columnist, Emmet John Hughes, will deliver the first in a series of landmark lectures sponsored by The John Courtney Murray Forum.

These lectures will articulate, in an engaging variety of ways, the theme "Pilgrimage to Understanding"—a master idea first enunciated by the late Jesuit theologian, John Courtney Murray, who contributed so much to the ecumenical spirit of our time.

The title of Mr. Hughes' keynote lecture will be: "John Courtney Murray: A Man for Our Season."

Thursday, January 16, 1969, 8 p.m.
Hunter College Assembly Hall
69th Street Between Park and Lexington Avenues

The John Courtney Murray Forum

Tickets available from: Rev. Thurston Davis, S.J., Director
Room 113, 106 West 56 Street, New York, N.Y. 10019
(Contributions in the amount of $2 are tax deductible.)

We are honored to have the Reverend Walter J. Burghardt, S.J. as our second lecturer. Father Burghardt, editor of *Theological Studies* and a renowned theologian, will deliver his lecture in the Hunter College Assembly Hall on April 17, 1969, at 8 p.m. The title of his address will be "From Certainty to Understanding: The Exciting Pilgrimage of Contemporary Catholicism." Advance reservations for this lecture can be made at this time by addressing The John Courtney Murray Forum, 106 West 56 Street, New York 10019.

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space and Leptis Magna, voodoo and LSD, dollars and dinars and drachmas, belly-dancers and computers, $6.95 semi-spread Pima-cotton shirts and No-Kloresto egg substitute and Telstar and *Queen* Magazine. . . . *Endless.* I don't know what 'making sense of' it all could possibly mean, but I think there are many ways of marveling at it, among which Tom Wolfe's is one of the most exciting because, primarily, he knows how much of it there is, as well as knowing how little of it many of our most esteemed writers—novelists as well as essayists and playwrights and documentary men—confront. In addition to having that Huck Finn thing, the sense of adventure, he also has—never mind what the girl called Doris Delay said was missing from his appearance—the colors of the world in his coloratura poem unlimited.

Personalities and Powers: A Theology of Personal Becoming

ROBERT E. MEAGHER

Herder & Herder, $3.50

DAVID BURRELL

This closely packed essay is a testimony of faith and an expression of gratitude. In the process, the author helps us all to see how closely linked is honesty with understanding. And understanding for him is guided by different frameworks for coping with the questions which plague every man intent upon forging his identity in a world in which roles have ceased to carry us along. Yet it is at this point where the resilience of the author's choice shows up. For he resolutely steers clear of adopting one framework—say, Appolonian or Dionysian—over another, but intimates that there is something wrong with the very notions of *coping with* and of *forging* when it comes to my becoming myself.

The poles offered are sophisticated but available in one form or another to most articulate people today: Sartre or Heidegger. For Sartre, man *invents* himself, for Heidegger, he *discovers* himself—or so Heidegger came to discover. At this point Meagher himself enters, and opts for discovery, but for a discovery which does not dispense with but demands a decisive act whereby each person takes up his destiny to live it. In this way, Meagher really cuts through the option, and shows how discovery for man entails a quality of self-involvement which can only be called decisive.

The argument favoring discovery rests on an analysis of meaning or significance as something which man has a hand in but which is not his simply to bestow. Our actions, our plans for the future, our controlling patterns of thinking, are certainly our own, but can only be adjudicated to the extent that they *have* a significance. Our task—and it is an inventive one—is to discover that significance and so give shape to our lives. And so our task, paradoxically enough, involves a surrender: accepting the significance that our projects bring to light. In this fashion, the searching individual gradually appropriates something that can do duty for an "objectivity" no longer available to him. Decisiveness becomes a norm when it no longer pretends to be mere choice or sheer invention. And this resilient framework allows place for revelation without demanding it be a form of intervention. For surrender and accepting stand in their own right as human possibilities—albeit paradoxical—yet stand out even more full-bodied when the significance acknowledged is a gift. And such is the good news.

As a testimony and a thanksgiving, this book is of course a form of personal odyssey. If the frameworks come more to the fore than the paradoxical wit which transforms them into something useful for human self-understanding, that is perhaps because there is too little distance between the odyssey and the author's account of it. Yet it remains quite useful for those caught up in the same journey—and that is most of us.

The Rose of Solitude

BROTHER ANTONINUS

Doubleday, $3.95

The Animal Inside

JOSEPHINE JACOBSEN

Ohio University Press, $4

ROSEMARY F. DEEN

The Rose of Solitude, despite much faulty writing, is an important book in the 30-year career of William Everson-Brother Antoninus. It is his first book-length poem and so it extends his skills into a major key. The subject is also new; he has written much erotic poetry but almost never a love poem. Finally, as all of Everson-Antoninus' poetry is a consciously kept chronicle of the life of his mind, this poem records a crucial change: the growth of a new awareness

The poet expresses this change both as a dramatic struggle and as an archetypal pattern. On the dramatic level, the poem is about the passionate and sinful love of a monk for a woman. The monk struggles to keep his newly-learned love and joy, and yet remain loyal to his old laws that make the love a sin. He is caught in the paradox of the *felix culpa,* "deliverance localized in the lapse itself." The archetypes in this encounter are a *cross,* the divided "masculine" or "normative consciousness," and a *rose,* a "feminine" or responsive consciousness of "presence." The purely normative consciousness produces the state Blake calls *Experience,* in which an isolated, time-ridden subject, at the center of a world of objects, suffers under its own belief that what is outside—natural objects—is real, and what is inside—ideas and plans—is not real.

How is this struggle to be developed? To *solve* the paradox would be a simple return to rationalized norms. The remedy is more paradox, an expansion of consciousness into an energy finer than

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the rational. One one level this remedy appears as that growing awareness of Christ which constitutes his Presence in the soul, or Redemption, "transcending . . . The whole world of objects, The whole world of subjects." On another level, it appears as the kind of presence we call identity or creative consciousness, the reality of which, as Frye says, is "neither subjective nor objective, but is brought into being through creation itself."

We expect, then, to recognize this creative consciousness primarily in the structure of the poem, and sometimes we do. For example, the poem begins with a strong time-consciousness as a drama—a time struggle. But it cannot end with a dramatic resolution, because it is about the release from the sense of time as duration (Eliot's "pastness of the past") into a sense of time as creative life ("a sense not only of the pastness of the past but of its presence"). The poem is a sequence of five major poems, each of which is a sequence of poems, some of which are again sequences. This arrangement prevents the linear development of a dramatic problem-solution in favor of the simultaneous emergence of a total pattern, the image of which is an unfolding rose ("the revealed").

The poem also works well in its structure of one-word metaphors: *presence, rose, fault,* and *cross. Cross,* for example, stands not only for division, contradiction ("cross-kissed"), and Christ's passion, but also for transition ("cross-over"), the possibility of what Keats called a "space between" the killing divisions of consciousness. In this sense, *cross* joins *fault* in deliverance: faults redeemed by Christ, "Who came in their delinquence, their work of emptiness, to forge them in the long majestic function." And all four words join in a poem which reveals a feminine presence in the "lambent nudeness" of the California hills, "redisposing earth's old flaw, the lock-jawed lips of the San Andreas fault."

But such fault—well-called "lock jaw"—is present in the bad writing of the poem: its tissue of truisms, phony diction and cheap effects—the prevailing tone of a man shouting at deaf people. But the poem itself declares that because we cannot possess the other person, we learn to keep his presence in our awareness of him. What counts in art is not the direct assertion of this awareness, but art's expressive dependence on it.

The Animal Inside collects nearly seventy poems of Josephine Jacobsen, going back to 1953, and what a pleasure it is to have them. What you notice first is a sureness of language, hard to define but easy enough to recognize in experience. You read to a point where you sense what must come and at the same time know that it exceeds language. But then she always says the right thing. Finally you realize that the source is not fixed, like a cornucopia, but a living principle—a way of seeing. So all good poetry humanizes us by attaching our trust to the possible human enterprise.

This special kind of speech is what much of the poetry is about. It has two qualities: it is close to silence and it is articulated richly. So it loves understatement; there is not one shout in 100 pages. But this "silence" is more than few words; it is the need for speech. Poetry tries to keep speech and the need for speech together because only the emptiness we experience (what Stevens calls "the nothing that is") calls out the most complete satisfaction. "All need is dry. Rain is the metaphor," is how Mrs. Jacobsen puts it. In another poem, water even in abundance—in strawberry gardens or in a volcano's deep core—is "the merest blandest brush with water." But the "days of a desert blind and cracked and white with light and stones, bones, bone stones and limbs of barebone trees" produce water "in the mind, the ear, the bone": "All that land hummed like a wire with absent water." So, like Andersen's mermaid, selling her tongue to be human and articulating swans into men in her extremity, the poet is "mute": "silent . . . in the terrible silence of speech."

Ordinary silence, of course, is the lack of a listener. The full articulation of Mrs. Jacobsen's poems grows out of their dependence on a listener. The fact that listening is active gives poetry richness by making it "obliquely run"—giving it "angle." Communication, like the "songless" hummingbirds' plumage, requires "three in one—light, angle, eye, to flower into their color." "Interference is the cause of iridescence."

This indirect relationship is frequently expressed by the metaphor *cousin.* The great starfish in its "water's stellar space" is the "cool cousin marine" of a star. We cannot make that relationship more direct without destroying it altogether. Hauled out and stung to death by ants, the starfish warps: "Here is your sting. O death, where is your star?" We speak to our dying cousin only indirectly, "of how the tendrils of vines Curl opposite ways in the opposite hemispheres," but with richer articulation, trusting that indirect relationships extend into death's opposite hemisphere. Like those tendrils, Mrs. Jacobsen's delicate and "silent" poetry makes connections that are all alive and strong.

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by

Gordon C. Zahn

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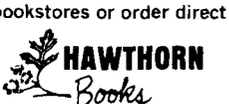

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Portrait of Yahweh as a Young God

GRETA WELS-SCHON

Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $4.95

ARTHUR A. COHEN

Among the many ways of dealing with God, two seem to define familiar extremes: either shroud him with obscurity of intellectual formulation or, otherwise, as Greta Wels-Schon has elaborated in *Portrait of Yahweh as a Young God,* make his presence so immediate, so direct, so immanent that he can be almost literally touched. The extreme of intellectualism leaves God gasping for breath, for who—even God—can breathe such rarefied air. The Wels-Schon extreme leaves God little more than a distillation of the best of mythic heroes, grand, imperious, crotchety, wise, foolish, super-human but no longer the God of the theologians. It is not at all certain which extreme leaves man with more.

Portrait of Yahweh as a Young God, the intellectual autobiography of a woman who rather resembles her God, is brilliant, cranky, tortuous, inspired, incisive and irrational—the work of a marvelously unbowed woman of 71 who lives in cultivated solitude on the island of Mallorca, surrounded by Greek and Latin texts, artifacts, and house gods. The God of solitude (unless one is misanthropic, which Miss Wels-Schon is not) cannot help but become a spiritual familiar. However, one rarely begins there. If one begins in frustration and dismay, hectored by a Western civilization that has all but taken the life out of God, one is more likely to end rediscovering him, somewhat tamed and humane. Whereas if one begins in trusting faith, the break to come is more likely to be shattering and tumultuous—neither God nor man recovers from such a calamity. Miss Wels-Schon tracks God like an unsanguinary hunter, delighted by the outdoors, the challenge, the natural surroundings, and when the quarry is cornered, the sport has proved so engaging and delicious, the prize is not killed, but admired. So with the young God she has bagged.

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Portrait opens with a lengthy, not quite clearly relevant, sidetrack in search of the meaning of the Pillars of Hercules, those piles of stones, slabs and pylons which turn up all over the Mediterranean basin and the Near East (and most recently fly through the space of Stanley Kubrick's theological tract, *Space Odyssey*). Their meaning is never quite located, but the scholarship of inquest is witty and fun. If they mean anything, they are an epiphanic allusion to the God to come—monuments to an incredibly joyous, productive, serene hero of Phoenician-Egyptian provenance, whom the Greeks belabored into one of their own, and whom the Romans, typically, cribbed and put to work. And so from there to God. Miss Wels-Schon, born into a German Lutheran family (the book consists of brief essays, called "Apropos" and indented personal recollections and reminiscences of those natal sources upon which grown-up wisdom feeds), became annoyed with God early. He was pretentious, intolerant, exclusivist. She decided to have nothing more to do with him. But then as the years went by, she looked him up again, and upon rereading the Old Testament in pursuit of the Pillars of Hercules (and, *mirabile dictu*, she found them there, too) she discovered that he was "apart from his pillar-epiphany . . . human, exceedingly human." His humanity, however, did not consist in the typical Greek scepticism of imagining that man had made God in his own image as a cow might make a bovine divinity, but rather that God was not the God of transcendence nor the Ultimate Reality, but the God of man. "His emphasis is on this world, and because he is so much of this world, he is the living God . . . He is the first and only God who asks for our partnership and love, not to be reached through speculation, but through the heart. He is the best God we ever had." Not the only God, for the gods of the pagans were real (and here her intelligence and charity is enviable), but the best, for the God of the Bible makes address not to our rigidity and inflexible demand for clarity, precision, structure, and order, but to what we are: living creatures who change and grow. And as Miss Wels-Schon has grown into age, now reconciled to divinity she had once despised, indeed, now admiring his tenacity and stick-to-itiveness (to us, that is, whom he should have long ago abandoned), so might we, militant perfectionists, accept ourselves as he accepts us, accept him as we fancy ourselves: an imperfect species, an incomplete God, but interacting in a magnificent process we know to be life.

Portrait of Yahweh as a Young God is not a complete representation or likeness, but neither is it a prejudiced court painter's cameo. The vitality of Wels-Schon's impression of God is what is most seductive about her book. It is a vitality founded upon a solid human experience of suffering and joy, thoughtfulness and humor. She begins *Portrait* with a reference to Karl Rahner's essay on the lost virtue of *eutrapelia*, playfulness and wit "as a healing necessity." She ends where one would want her to end, knowing of a certain, in Gilbert Murray's phrase, that God is "the Friend behind phenomena." As she might say: Long Live Eutrapelia. As she does say: Viva Dios.

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 391)

with those here who are looking for strength, courage and hope while there are no signs of hope.

As the people in the U.S. celebrate the birth of our Savior, I only hope that they don't forget that he's still alive and walking around—but is hungry and fatherless, homeless and persecuted here in Vietnam. Peace. MAURICE BYRNE

"ALL REMAINS QUIET on another of Adam Powell's many fronts. Though the matter of his alleged misappropriations of government funds and his kickback arrangements with his wife and other congressional employees was aired in Congress and the public print, no word concerning these doings has come from the Department of Justice other than the statement, long long ago, that they were 'under investigation'."

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